

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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## A GERMAN TRUST SONG.

Just as God leads me, I would go;  
I would not ask to choose my way;  
Content with what he will bestow,  
Assured he will not let me stray.  
So as he leads, my path I make,  
And step by step I gladly take,  
A child in him confiding.

Just as God leads I am content;  
I rest me calmly in his hands;  
That which he has decreed and sent—  
That which his will for me commands.  
I would that he should all fulfill;  
That I should do his gracious will  
In living or in dying.

Just as God leads, I all resign;  
I trust me to my Father's will;  
When reason's rays deceptive shine,  
His counsel would I yet fulfill;  
That which his love ordained as right,  
Before he brought me to the light,  
My all to him resigning.

Just as God leads me, I abide  
In faith, in hope, in suffering true;  
His strength is ever by my side—  
Can aught my hold on him undo?  
I hold me firm in patience, knowing  
That God my life is still bestowing—  
The best in kindness sending.

Just as God leads, I onward go,  
Oft amid thorns and briars seen;  
God does not yet his guidance show—  
But in the end it shall be seen  
How, by a loving Father's will,  
Faithful and true, he leads me still.

*Lampertus, 1625.*

## ANOTHER CHANCE.

I STAND on the shore of the swift blue river,  
And watch the winds and the waves at play;  
And still as I watch, the waves for ever  
Slip from my gaze, and glide away.  
"Stay, soft wind, and stand, fair river,  
And leave me never, thou perfect day;"  
And, still as I ask, the hours for ever  
Slip from my life, and glide away.

The waves go by till my eyes are weary,  
They will not tarry nor turn again;  
"Life, new life," is their chorus cheery,  
"That strange new life in the vast blue  
main."

My days go by till I stand despairing,  
For those were evil and these are vain;  
Yet hope, my heart, for the time is nearing  
When I may try my life again.

—Argosy.

## THE CLEAR VISION.

BY JOHN. G. WHITTIER.

I DID but dream. I never knew  
What charms our sternest season wore.  
Was never yet the sky so blue,  
Was never earth so white before.  
Till now I never saw the glow  
Of sunset on yon hills of snow,  
And never learned the bough's designs  
Of beauty in its leafless lines.

Did ever such a morning break  
As that my eastern windows see?  
Did ever such a moonlight take  
Weird photographs of shrub and tree?  
Rang ever bells so wild and fleet  
The music of the winter street?  
Was ever yet a sound by half  
So merry as yon schoolboy's laugh?

O Earth! with gladness overfraught  
No added charm thy face hath found;  
Within my heart the change is wrought,  
My footsteps make enchanted ground.  
From couch of pain and curtained room  
Forth to thy light and air I come,  
To find in all that meets my eyes  
The freshness of a glad surprise.

Fair seem these winter days, and soon  
Shall blow the warm west winds of spring,  
To set the unbound rills in tune,  
And hither urge the bluebird's wing.  
The vales shall laugh in flowers, the woods  
Grow misty green with leafing buds,  
And violets and windflowers sway  
Against the throbbing heart of May.

Break forth, my lips, in praise, and own  
The wiser love severely kind;  
Since, richer for its chastening grown,  
I see, whereas I once was blind.  
The world, O Father! hath not wronged  
With loss the life by thee prolonged;  
But still, with every added year,  
More beautiful Thy works appear!

As Thou hast made thy world without,  
Make Thou more fair my world within;  
Shine through its lingering clouds of doubt;  
Rebuke its haunting shapes of sin;  
Fill, brief or long, my granted span  
Of life with love to Thee and man;  
Strike when Thou wilt the hour of rest,  
But let my last days be my best!

—Atlantic Monthly.

From The Sunday Magazine.

# THE HYMNS OF THE ENGLISH NON-CONFORMISTS.

SINCE that famous enactment of Nebuchadnezzar, which elicited the protest of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, *religious uniformity* has been a favourite hobby of kings. No monarch has accounted himself absolute who has not ruled over the consciences and souls of men — every empire has been divided against itself so long as any have refused to bow the knee to the Baal of the reigning sovereign. In no country did this passion for supremacy produce more important consequences than in England, between the Reformation and the reign of William III. The actual Headship of an undivided Church, to be acquired alone by the repression of diversities of opinion as heresy, and of diversities in worship as schism, was the dazzling prize which tempted the ambition both of Tudors and Stuarts. The leanings of those princes towards ecclesiastical absolutism were fostered by their ecclesiastical advisers, some from ambitious views of their own, some from mere sycophancy, and a few from the belief that the enforcement of uniformity would bring about, for England at least, the fulfilment of that much-misinterpreted prayer of our Lord, "That they all may be one." We all know that this high-handed exercise of regal authority in religious matters, this intrusion into regions into which neither king nor priest may lawfully enter, this trespass upon that realm of Conscience of which the King Eternal and Invisible alone is Lord, was not quietly submitted to, and a long struggle ensued. Though the banner inscribed with "Liberty of Conscience and Worship" was borne by the *Nonconformists* in the day of victory, a motley host to whom religious liberty was not less dear, fought and bled around it during five reigns. These fighting men, in common speech, were termed "Sectaries," and in their brave but disorderly ranks were found Vanists, Ranters, Seekers, Behmenites, Fifth Monarchy Men, Quakers, and Anabaptists. Some of these sects did not survive to reap the fruit of the victory which their persistency had done much to win — the heritage of peace which they bequeathed to ourselves.

The temper of the times was too stern for hymn-singing. The solitary hymn which descends to us from these evil days is the exquisite one, "Lord, it belongs not to my care," wrung from the bruised spirit of Bax-

ter. Robes of gladness would not have been seemed the Church of that period. It needed the long dark years which brightened only with the Revolution, and a hotter furnace than that by which the Nonconformists of Babylon were tried, to purify the Reformation Christianity of England from the stain which rested on its origin.

The impetus which the Toleration Act of William III. gave to the section of the Nonconformists known as Independents, expended itself much in the building of churches and the organizing of congregations. When the grave closed over Owen, Baxter, Howe, Flavel, and the other Puritan heroes, the religious life which they had fostered began to wane. Soon after the opening of the eighteenth century, Arianism began its ravages, withering many congregations not positively infected by its errors. Dissent appeared to be undergoing a process of disintegration. There were few conversions, a low standard among professors, an ambitious intellectualism among preachers: the sermons were very long and the prayers very short. Many among themselves queried as to the reason of this change, but "wist not that the Lord had departed from them." Watts and Doddridge probed the wound to the bottom, each demonstrating, in a striking volume, that the decline of Dissent was the result of the decline of piety, and that it was curable only by a revival of practical godliness. The event proved the correctness of this diagnosis of the disease, but the revival was not brought about by dissenting instrumentality.

It was a dismal prospect, turn where you would. It was not an heroic time in any sense, and the heroic age of Nonconformity had passed away. While Dissent was declining, the Church of England was not advancing. She was learnedly dignified, rigidly formal, drearily dull; the paradise of a frigid moderatism, with scarcely energy enough to originate a vigorous heresy.\* Both in the Establishment and among Dissenters, evangelical preaching was very much out of fashion. The doctrines of the atonement, justification by faith, and renewal by the Holy Ghost, were hidden away. Presbyterian congregations in numbers slid from Arianism into Socinianism, and Congregational Churches into formalism and death.

A Christianity thus palsied could scarcely be otherwise than voiceless. Dull and dismal indeed must have been most of the

\* Yet it was from her arid soil that, a few years later, gushed forth those living waters of Methodism which have fertilized England ever since.

public worship of the early part of the eighteenth century. A dead orthodoxy or a pestilential heterodoxy occupied the pulpits, and no swell of evangelical truth rose from the pews, as in the glorious hymns of the *Gesangbuch* in Germany, to counteract and rebuke. The poems of Quarles and Herbert were still cherished in pious homes, and the few hymns of Ken and Baxter were treasured by devout souls; but the church psalmody was wretched. In the Episcopal Church, the "weak, washy, everlasting flood" of the authorized version by Tate and Brady was droned to tunes without melody, while the Dissenters sang the psalter in the more vertebrated versions of Rouse and Barton. It was in this dismal winter of religion that the eldest of the huge family of English hymn-books was born, in the year 1707.

The two men who in the eighteenth century stood a head and shoulders above the pigmy race on whom the mantle of the Nonconformist fathers had not fallen, were Watts and Doddridge. Both these divines inherited traditions of ancestral sufferings for Christ and conscience-sake. A Huguenot ancestor of Watts fled from France to England for his life: the grandfather of Doddridge escaped from persecution in Bohemia, with no other possessions than Luther's Bible and the gold pieces in his girdle. And there were nearer memories of wrongs which had scarcely yet become historical. Watts's father had been in prison more than once for Nonconformity, and Watts himself had been rocked on his mother's knee as she sat outside the prison-door. Both had learned the difficult lesson of toleration. They lived in quiet days, and their lives were undisturbed by great sorrows or violent controversies. Watts never married, and, after labouring for fifty years in the gospel, during thirty-six of which the cheerful family circle of his friend Sir T. Abney was his home, he was carried to the grave amidst a concourse of mourners of all denominations. Doddridge combined the training of young men for the ministry with a pastorate in the quiet town of Northampton, surrounded by a devoted family and attached pupils, and when he died at Lisbon, three years after Watts, his loss was equally lamented.

Of the prose writings of Watts, which still occupy a high position, it would be out of place to speak; it is enough to say that he bequeathed to Doddridge the design of his most famous work. It is as a hymnist that he has gained universal fame, and his memory universal love, as associated with the most sacred hours of our childhood and

maturity. His piety was deep, and his character remarkable for gentleness and consistency. His great failing was incorrigible spiritual curiosity. He never acquired that habit of mind which reposes as quietly before an insurmountable difficulty as before an ascertained truth. His speculative tendencies were fruitful of disquietudes to himself, and in later years he repented of their indulgence. In his prolonged and abstruse inquiries concerning the future state of the soul, the anti-mundane existence of the soul of Christ, and the tremendous mystery of the Trinity, he involved himself in the deepest distress, and his "solemn address to the great and ever-blessed God," drawn up after a review of what he had written on these subjects, is an agonized and passionate supplication of the most extraordinary kind. It gives a deeper interest to some of his hymns when we know that the hymnist who has heightened the devotion of all our worshipping congregations learned peace only through suffering, entreating in his later days that "the Father of mercies would not suffer the remnant of his short life to be wasted in such endless wanderings in quest of Him and his Son Jesus, as a great part of his past days had been." His prayer was heard, and with childlike simplicity he writes, —

"Jesus, my great High Priest,  
Offer'd His blood and died;  
My guilty conscience needs  
No sacrifice beside:  
I shall behold His blissful face,  
And stand complete in righteousness."

Watts was brought up in rigidly Calvinistic tenets, but those of his hymns which are strongly tinged with them have fallen into complete disuse; otherwise, his catholicity of expression is remarkable, and has rendered his hymns capable of transference into the hymn-books of all parties. Watts and Doddridge have been accused of Sabelian views on the Trinity, and Watts of having laid the emphasis of our salvation rather upon the compassion of Christ than upon the love of Him who delivered Him up freely for us all; but this last accusation is worthless, for in many more of his hymns he ascribes our redemption in the most unambiguous terms to the eternal love of God. There is nothing for the most rigid orthodoxy to take fright at in those of his hymns which the Church has with one consent agreed to approve.

The first people's hymn-book was published in 1707, and Watts's version of the Psalms in 1719. Watts was really the in-



ventor of English hymns. In this work he had no model. He introduced a new species of poetry, and succeeding hymnists have only been able to introduce *variations* according to their individual genius and peculiarities. The publication of this volume began a new era. Watts not only published hymns, but it was by his personal prowess solely that the deep-rooted objection to their use in public worship was overcome. The doggerel words drawled to tuneless tunes, which were the "praise" in vogue at the Southampton meeting-house, which he attended with his father, stirred his spirit at once with disgust, and the desire to produce something better. He writes afterwards, "Of all our religious solemnities, psalmody is the most unhappily managed. That very action which should elevate us to the most delightful and divine sensations, *doth not only flatten our devotion, but too often awakens our regret and touches all the springs of uneasiness within us.*" His earliest attempt to reform the language of praise, was made in extreme youth, at Southampton. One Sabbath (and it was a memorable day), his hymn, "Behold the glories of the Lamb," was sung at the conclusion of worship. We can imagine the dismay of some of the stern-faced deacons at this audacious innovation, which does not appear to have been made with their consent, while some with their will, and others against it, wept as the spirit-stirring strains touched their hearts. This is now the first hymn in that hymn-book which for one hundred and sixty years has furnished the staple of all Evangelical English hymnody.

In this day, when "every man hath a psalm," and the language of many of Watts's hymns comes up among our earliest memories, it is hard to realise the effect produced upon the England of our ancestors, by the putting forth of a people's hymn-book, and the introduction of hymnody into public worship. It was as if the Lord had made a new thing on the earth. Here were hymns for the vulgar as well as for the learned; hymns for the fireside and the closet; hymns in which men could pray and think, and feel and hope, and tremble, in words so simple, that all felt that they might have been their own. Christians were no longer compelled to "wrap up the shining glories of the Redeemer" in the shadowy language of types and figures, but came to God in praise, as they had long come to Him in prayer, by a new and living way, with the name of the Lord Jesus on their lips. Watts's hymns provided the Independents with a metrical liturgy from

which the pulpit could not remain long in dissonance, the family with household hymns, infancy with its earliest lisplings of religious truth, the sick and sorrowful with consolation, the dying saint with his last utterances of faith and trust.

In ten years from their publication, six large editions were published and sold; and even before the poet's death, his "Psalms and Hymns" were not only the "use" of numberless Dissenting chapels, but were finding their way into congregations in the Establishment, and so the reproach which had rested on the Reformation Christianity of England for two hundred years at last rolled away. At the present time it would be difficult to find a hymn-book in the English tongue which is not indebted to Watts. No sect, or section of sect, has been able to frame a shibboleth which can exclude his hymns.\* In addition to the exclusive use of his hymn-book in some churches, the New Congregational Hymn-book has retained 391; to the Wesleyan Hymn-book he contributes half of the number contributed by others than Wesley; to the English Presbyterian Hymn-book, one-fourth; to the authorised collection of the American Episcopal Church, one-fourth; and about a half of the whole hymnody of the United States. The Church of Scotland has included 11 of his hymns among her so-called "paraphrases," and the Free Church, which still closes the door against hymns and the spiritual influences which they bring, accepts the same, though, with three exceptions, they are among the least evangelical and least poetical of his productions. The United Presbyterian Church, which recently opened her arms wide to hymns good and bad, has included 63 in her selection. The innumerable collections in use in parish churches in England are largely indebted to Watts. Kemble's,† which is now used in one thousand churches, has 127 of his hymns: in that deservedly popular and tasteful volume, "Hymns, Ancient and Modern," put forward by the *Anglican* section of the English Church, Watts finds a place beside St. Bernard, Venantius Fortunatus, Thomas Aquinas, and Keble; and the "People's Hymnal," accredited by the *Ritualistic* section, has placed his hymns among invocations to the saints and the

\*Judging from the results of an examination of 750 hymn-books, it is safe to assign to Watts the authorship of two-fifths of the hymns which are used in public worship in the English-speaking world.

† In this hymn-book, which has the endorsement of several of the acknowledged leaders of the Evangelical body, thirty-three hymns by Doddridge are also to be found.

Virgin, adorations of the Real Presence, hymns processional, and prayers for the dead. Great would be the wonderment of the worthy divine at some of these extraordinary juxtapositions!

Without doubt his hymns are the most popular in the world. Wesley is the only hymn-writer who can enter into competition with him; but there are many who can neither climb nor descend with Wesley, or enter into his mystical experiences, who can express their whole souls in the simpler verse of Watts. Wherever the flag of Britain or America floats forth upon the breeze, or the missionaries of either land plant Christ's banner among the heathen, there the familiar strains are heard. Their sound is gone out into all the earth, and it may almost be said of them, that there is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard. The influence which they exercise now, and exercised in a remarkable degree before and after the Wesleyan revival, is unquestionable. As vestals in those dark days, they kept the sacred flame alight; and when the Spirit of the Lord breathed upon the land, they were the first songs of awakened Christianity. Warming cold devotions, rebuking lifeless orthodoxy, testifying against Arian error, they performed, in the eighteenth century, that service which evangelical hymns have performed in other periods for the Church. As in the very dawn of church history the Arian bishop, Paul of Samosata, banished from the churches the hymns which had been in use since the second century, because they were addressed "to Christ as God," and interfered with the progress of Arian error;\* as Frederic the Great and his clique found the *Gesangbuch* bar the progress of Rationalistic tenets, and sought to tone down its rich evangelism to the neutral tint of a negative theology, so the Arianism of the eighteenth century, finding a formidable obstacle in the Trinitarian doxologies then attached to the Psalter, and an invincible foe in Watts's hymns, demanded that nothing should be sung in worship but the Psalms of David. Many independent congregations, it is believed, were preserved from the infection of Arian error by nothing else than the introduction of this hymn-book.

Watts, with all his merits, was not a great poet. Of the six hundred and ninety-seven

hymns which he wrote, good taste and Christian feeling have dropped more than half altogether out of use. No hymnist is more unequal. Some of his best hymns contain stanzas from which correct taste must utterly revolt. From his version of the hundredth psalm, his finest composition, common consent has discarded the first verse for its meanness. The favourite hymn —

"Let me but hear my Saviour say,  
Strength shall be given thee as thy day,"  
&c.,

concludes in the original with a verse which probably few who are familiar with the hymn have ever seen.\*

Examples as grotesque might be multiplied, but it would be a thankless and a useless task. It is enough to say that very few of his hymns are so well sustained throughout as not to be better for some judicious omissions. A number of them are on the future state of the impenitent, and these are open to very serious objection, as they are expressed in such a fashion as apparently to justify the supposition that, conscious of his own security, he rejoiced in the death of him that dieth. This was far from being the case in reality, for his writings evidence that his gentle nature shrank from the practical application of some parts of the theological system which he held. It is hard to believe that the hymn, of which a fragment given below is a specimen, was ever sung. †

His mode of stating truth was often singularly unhappy, and calculated to revolt some sincere seekers after light. The following is a most repulsive verse:—

"Go preach my gospel (saith the Lord),  
Bid the whole earth my grace receive;  
He shall be saved that trusts my word,  
He shall be damn'd that won't believe."

His hymns on the Canticles are very sensuous, and soon fell into disuse, and many

\* "So Samson when his hair was lost,  
Met the Philistines to his cost;  
Shook his valia limbs with sad surprise,  
Made feeble fight, and lost his eyes."

† "My thoughts on awful subjects roll,  
Damnation and the dead;  
What horrors seize the guilty soul  
Upon a dying bed!

"Lingering about these mortal shores,  
She makes a long delay;  
Till like a flood with rap d force,  
Death sweeps the wretch away.

"Then swift and dreadful she descends  
Down to the lower coast;  
Amongst abominable fiends,  
Herself a frightful ghost," &c.

\* This bishop calls the psalms to our Lord Jesus Christ, "innovations, and the compositions of modern men." — *Essay. Hist. Ecclesiae*, lib. vii., cap. 35. This appears to be the origin of the term "innovations" as applied to Christian hymns.

others emulate the materialism of the mediæval Latin hymnists. He was often negligent, tame, prosy, prosaic, and especially careless as to his rhymes. There is almost a grotesqueness in the bathos of some of his lines. A paraphrase of a part of Psalm cix. begins thus:—

"Let all the heathen writers join  
To form one perfect book;  
Great God, if once compared with Thine,  
*How mean their writings look!*"

By reason of these and other blemishes the Church has only set the seal of her approval on about one hundred and twenty of his hymns. Watts never claimed to be a poet, but the most ambitious dream that ever floated through a poet's brain has been fulfilled to the hymnist. For these one hundred and twenty hymns have become the language of Christianity throughout the world; they defy all criticism, they are familiar as Bible words in all pious homes, they have surmounted the barriers of sect and party, and have woven themselves into the speech of tribes who have never heard of Milton or Shakspeare. We are hardly aware how many of the stereotyped phrases used in sermons and prayers are borrowed from them, or how many of our associations with common things are derived from the same quarter. The earliest lessons of our infancy come to us in his "Divine and Moral Songs for Children,"\* and in maturer years the industry of the bee, the forethought of the ant, the mists of sunrise, the golden glories of sunset, and the snarling and wrangling of pugnacious curs suggest the thoughts to which Watts has linked them. It is possible that only a few of his hymns would meet the requirements of the canons of criticism laid down by Montgomery or Sir Roundell Palmer, but it would be as profane to submit them to this test as to apply the rules of rhetoric to those sweet, simple sentences in which the story of the Man of Sorrows fell from our mothers' lips upon our childish ears. We cannot separate the hymns from the associations which cluster round them, and to the number of which each year is adding.

Watts is emphatically the "poet of the sanctuary." All his best hymns are fitted for public worship, and are the language of worshipping congregations all the world over. Like Moore's melodies, they are most fully appreciated when sung—the feelings are carried away by the melody even when the

mind fails to be arrested by the thoughts. Probably the most popular hymn in the world is—

"Come, let us join our cheerful songs,  
With angels round the throne," &c.

It is spirited and well sustained, and the idea of a fellowship in praise with all created intelligences has much force, but it does not claim high poetic merit. Yet no hymn kindles greater enthusiasm than this when sung to the tune to which custom has wedded it. I heard it so sung at Richmond, Va., by three thousand negro voices, and the emotion produced was almost irrepressible, finding vent, contrary to custom and precedent, in an immediate transition to another of Watts's hymns, "Jesus shall reign where'er the sun," which postponed the sermon for ten minutes. Its effect is not much less upon the less emotional races. There are few English readers who cannot recall somnolent congregations of stolid rustics warmed by this hymn into a perfect storm of song. The memory and consciousness of all readers must attest the extraordinary and enduring popularity of Watts. Even in Scotland, where views concerning hymns akin to those of Paul of Samosata are still extant, thousands of pious souls are lifted heavenward by, "Behold the glories of the Lamb," and other hymns of the great English hymnist. The secret of a popularity so universal cannot be discussed here: it is enough to say that every hymn to which general currency has been given is full of Him who bore our sins in his own body on the tree, and that this one truth which meets human needs, is that to which human hearts perennially turn.

Although many of Watts's paraphrases of the psalms have come to be classed with the hymns, he attached far greater importance to them, and on their appearance in 1719, the volume attracted as much attention as any literary production of its day. In this work he had hosts of competitors and rivals, among whom were Sternhold, Hopkins, Tate, Brady, Rouse, Barton, Milbourn, Denham, and Sandys, but the principle of his version, which is stated in the preface, with great brevity and perspicuity, places it in another category from theirs, for Watts has undertaken to be not only the *versifier*, but the *expositor* of the psalms. His version is the Psalter read in the light of the New Testament, with its prophecies fulfilled and its types interpreted. It has fewer blemishes, truer poetry, and more classical finish than the hymn-books. His paraphrases of the

\* The sale of these in England and America is from 80,000 to 100,000 copies annually.

hundredth psalm, as slightly amended by Wesley, the seventeenth, the ninety-second, and the seventy-second, will be sung till the earth and heavens pass. The seventy-second is second in merit only to the version by Montgomery, "Hail to the Lord's anointed," incomparably the finest poetic rendering of that psalm in our language. This Psalter spiritualised, was one of the boldest innovations ever made, and produced a perfect storm of criticism. It is but just to the great hymnist to add that he considered the use of the Psalter a most important part of worship. The element of pure adoration of God as our Creator and Preserver, and worthy for that alone to receive our highest homage, so abundant in the psalms, is somewhat lost sight of even by our best hymn writers.

The fast dwindling space precludes any attempt to examine Watts's hymns in detail, to point out their many beauties, or to gather any of the rich fruits of anecdote and narrative which have clustered round them. The only criticism on a hymn which is worth anything is that which the universal voice of the Church pronounces by accepting or rejecting it. The judgment of the great heart of Christianity is ever sound, and it has placed the following hymns (among others) above the reach of the puny praise or blame of individuals. \*

After Watts had invented the modern hymn, and had made it a part of public worship, his friend Doddridge composed nearly four hundred hymns, which were published in a volume soon after his death.

\* From Watts's Hymn Book. Book I. — 1. Behold the glories of the Lamb. 10. How beautiful are their feet. 62. Come let us join our cheerful songs. 64. Behold what wondrous grace. 97. Buried in shadows of the night. 103. I'm not ashamed to own my Lord. 125. With joy we meditate the grace. 146. Go worship at Immanuel's feet. 150. Join all the glorious names. Book II. — 3. Why do we mourn departing friends? 7. Dread Sovereign! let my evening song. 9. Alas! and did my Saviour bleed? 14. Welcome, sweet day of rest. 30. Come we that love the Lord. 34. Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove. 54. My God, the spring of all my joys. 65. When I can read my title clear. 66. There is a land of pure delight. 70. Plunged in a gulf of dark despair. 90. How sad our state by nature is! 130. My dear Redeemer and my Lord. 142. Not all the blood of beasts. Book III. — 7. When I survey the wondrous cross, &c.

From the version of the Psalter. 17. What sinners value, I resign. 19. The heavens declare thy glory, Lord. 20. Thou that hear'st when sinners cry. 72. Jesus shall reign where'er the sun. 84. Lord of the worlds above. 90. Our God, our help in ages past. 92. Sweet is the work, my God, my King. 98. Joy to the world, the Lord is come. 100. Before Jehovah's awful throne. 103. My soul repeat his praise. 117. From all that dwell below the skies. 118. This is the day the Lord hath made. 122. How did my heart rejoice to hear. 136. Give to our God immortal praise.

Though Doddridge's hymn-book as a whole never gained extensive popularity, partly owing to the ground having been pre-occupied, and partly owing to a deficiency of poetic talent in the hymnist, there are about twenty of his hymns known and loved in all the churches, and which merit encomiums as high as have been passed upon the best of Watts's. A far larger number have been prized for private use, but the day for these has nearly gone by. There is a feebleness and formality of expression about most of them, and with certain noble exceptions it must be admitted that the sentiments are superior to the poetry, although it never sinks into grotesque doggerel. Often tame and prosaic, they always breathe the gentle, self-forgetful spirit of the true disciple of Christ. Love to God, his people, and his service, with a tender concern for the souls of men, are their prominent characteristics. Watts loved to dwell on the judgment throne, and the righteous sentence of condemnation; the gentler spirit of his friend was ever weeping over the enemies of the cross.

Doddridge's hymns are singularly devotional; two or three of them singularly poetic. Among the twenty on which the Church has set the seal of her approval, there are several of a very high order; sung wherever our tongue is spoken, and there is probably not a hymn-book in the English language which is not indebted to Doddridge as well as to Watts. Among those which the Church delights to sing are the Communion Hymn, "My God, and is thy table spread;" the Advent Hymn, one of the most justly popular in the language, "Hark, the glad sound, the Saviour comes;" the Sabbath Hymn, "Lord of the Sabbath, hear our vows;" "Oh, happy day that fixed my choice," the Confirmation Hymn of the American Episcopal Church; and, "O God of Bethel, by whose hand," one of the most popular of the "Scotch" paraphrases. His Evening Hymn, "Interval of grateful shade," has a tenderness and poetic beauty not to be found elsewhere in his hymn-book, or in any effort of Watts's, and may challenge comparison with Keble's exquisite Evening Hymn, best known as beginning with, "Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear."

When the strains of Watts's first hymn rose in the bald meeting-house at Southampton, little the timid hymnist thought that before two centuries had passed those same strains, with glories of surpliced choir and organ swell, would peal through the stateliest shrines of that Church to whose

liturgies he could not conform, that his songs would lead the praises of congregations all round the world, and that wherever Christ's name is worshipped, his own would be had in endless remembrance. Still less did the gentle Doddridge dream that a time would come when his Christmas and Communion Hymns would appear on the last page of the Prayer-Book, \* beside the Morning and Evening Hymns of the nonjuror Ken, and that words of his would be forever associated with "the fair white linen cloth," the consecrated emblems, and the ancient anthems and doxologies of the English Communion Service. Of the greater triumphs which the Nonconformist hymns have won, of the souls they have led to Christ, of the perplexed whom they have guided, of the mourners whom they have comforted, of the dying whom they have cheered, the ages of eternity alone can speak, for we may devoutly believe that the pilgrim songs so dear to "Christ's church militant here on earth," are not forgotten by the victorious multitude in heaven. For all that time has told, and yet will tell concerning them, believers may "glorify God which has given such power unto men." With the praise of Watts and Doddridge in all the churches, with their language the common speech of the Church universal, with their memory dear to the whole family in heaven and earth, the highest eulogy which we can pronounce upon their hymns is this, that they are "THE HYMNS OF THE NONCONFORMISTS" no longer.

ISABELLA J. BIRD.

From Fraser's Magazine.

### VOLCANOS.

In a paper on earthquakes published in this Magazine, No. 360, we endeavoured to show that they are undeveloped volcanos, the latter being, so to speak, the complement of the former: both earthquakes and volcanos being manifestations of a common subterranean force, but acting under different conditions. For while the latter are caused by the inability of the force to break through overlying rocky matter, when the force is

\* About fifty years ago a university printer, who was a Dissenter, filled up the blank leaves at the end of the Prayer-Book with six hymns which he thought would be acceptable. The authorities did not interfere, and so they took their place. The other Christmas hymn is by C. Wesley, and the remainder are probably by Mardley.

either greater, or the superincumbent strata less impenetrable, gaseous matters find vents at one or more points, and a volcano is produced. Thus, while earthquakes are uncompleted efforts to establish volcanos, volcanos lessen the power and sometimes prevent earthquakes by acting as safety valves for setting free the expansive force exerted by the heated interior of the earth on its external covering or crust.

At all times, volcanic phenomena possess great interest, and, at this period when the volcanos of the old and new world are in a remarkable state of activity, some account of their phenomena as seen by the most recent lights of science, will probably be acceptable.

If earthquakes have always been regarded with awe, volcanos are even more fearful manifestations of the powers attributed in the fabulous mythology of antiquity to the infernal earth-shaking sovereign 'Ennorigæus.' An examination of a map of the world showing the volcanic and earthquake districts renders it evident that there is an intimate relation between the two classes of phenomena. Both develop themselves mainly along the same zones, and earthquakes are invariably rarer and more feeble as they recede from the centres of volcanic action. According to the most recent investigations, the known active volcanos or habitual vents of volcanic energy exceed 400. These do not, however, include mud volcanos, the phenomena of which are very distinct from those of true volcanos. \* Ordinary volcanos are thus classified:

	Now active	
Europe . . . .	7	4
Atlantic Islands . . . .	14	8
Africa . . . .	3	1
Continental Asia . . . .	25	15
Asiatic Islands . . . .	189	110
Indian Ocean . . . .	9	5
South Sea . . . .	40	26
America . . . .	120	56
Antarctic Land . . . .	3	3
	410	228

The largest proportion of these volcanos are situated in tropical regions, very few more than 30° from the equator. But they are by no means dependent on climate, many in Iceland being on the grandest scale, and others in full blast in the antarctic regions. The loftiest eruptive cones are Sa-

\* Mud volcanos are now, according to the highest geological authorities, considered to represent the declining stage of volcanic activity, but under conditions by no means universal.



hama in Bolivia, 22,350 ft.; and Aconcagua in Chili, 23,004 ft. It is a noteworthy fact with regard to volcanos that the greater number occur either in islands or on coast-lines near the sea. Indeed the proximity of the ocean seems to be a necessary condition for the manifestation of great volcanic phenomena. The sea water probably finds access to the foci of the subterranean fires, and thereby produces enormous volumes of vapour and occasionally water, which frequently accompanies eruptions on a great scale. It was indeed suggested by Sir H. Davy that if the interior of the earth contains large quantities of the unoxidized metalloids, all the phenomena of volcanos might be occasioned by the penetration of sea water through deep fissures. Though abandoned by its distinguished author, this hypothesis with some important modifications was entertained by the late Dr. Daubeny and other geologists. It is certain that water plays a most important part in volcanic phenomena, elastic vapours supplying the principal motive force of upheavals. Although upwards of 400 volcanos have been noted it is probable that many more exist. For, independently of the fact that a large portion of the earth's subaërial surface has not yet been explored, the far more extensive subaqueous area doubtless contains several volcanic vents which have not yet raised an eruptive orifice visibly above the surface of the ocean. Graham's Island, which rose out of the sea from a depth of 100 feet in a few days, and attained a height of 200 ft. and a circumference of three miles, is an illustration on a large scale of one of these sea volcanos.

One of the most striking features of volcanos is their remarkable linear distribution. They traverse both hemispheres in a great arched curve, commencing at Terra del Fuego (the land of fire), running up the entire western fringe of that continent, almost to Behring's Straits, crossing the North Pacific through the Aleutian chain of isles, and descending thence southwardly along the peninsula of Kamtschatka, Japan, and the Philippine Islands, to the Moluccas, from which two lines branch, one enclosing Borneo in a semicircular sweep to the west and north, and continuing through Java and Sumatra to the Andaman Islands, and into Burmah, in which last 'wreath of islands' there are no less than 109 lofty fire emitting mountains—the other threading Papua and the Solomon and New Hebrides Islands to New Zealand, whence it seems continued in Victoria Land almost to the South Pole.

Thus, not a day passes on our globe without witnessing volcanic phenomena. Heaving volcanos are in full blast throughout Japan; the normal state of that country is indeed that of chronic convulsion, and there is no sign of diminishing vigour in the volcanic centres. The Japanese islands may be said to rest on treacherous ribs of granite which crust over a mighty sea of molten lava, and so tremendous is the subterranean force in that region that during the eruptions in 1854, men-of-war at anchor were spun round, and the harbours were scoured out to their bottoms. Mr. Scrope, who has made volcanos his special study, distinguishes their phenomena by three general phases:

1. That in which the volcano exists incessantly in outward eruption—phase of permanent eruption.
2. That in which eruptions, rarely of any excessive violence, continue in a comparatively tranquil manner for a considerable time, and alternate with brief intervals of repose—phase of moderate activity.
3. That in which eruptive paroxysms of intense energy alternate with lengthened periods of complete external inertness—phase of prolonged intermitteces.

Very few volcanos are in a state of permanent eruption; the most remarkable example is that of Stromboli, which has been in constant activity since Homeric days. The more common condition of volcanos is the intermittent, such as is presented by Vesuvius; the most terrible that coming under the phase of prolonged intermitteces and paroxysmal eruptions.

When geological research was in its infancy, volcanic action was generally ascribed to some adventitious union of substances, whose combination resulted in the development of intense heat and violent eruptive action. This hypothesis has long been abandoned by those who have carefully studied volcanos. Nor does the upheaval theory of Humboldt and Von Buch now find supporters. This supposed that some upheaving force raised a portion of the earth's crust in a dome-like shape, and that upon this, volcanic products were cast. Far more probable is the theory propounded by Mr. Darwin, who has had peculiar facilities for observing volcanic phenomena. He maintains that volcanos are caused by subterranean forces, and says in his highly interesting work on coral reefs:

It may be considered as almost established that volcanos are often (not necessarily always)

present in those areas where the subterranean motive power has lately forced, or is now forcing outwards the crust of the earth, but that they are invariably absent in those where the surface has lately subsided, or is still subsiding.

Sir C. Lyell conceives that aqueous and igneous agents may be regarded as antagonistic forces labouring incessantly to reduce the inequalities, and he adds:

I have come to the conviction that upheaval has nowhere played such a dominant part in the cones and crater-making process, as to warrant the use of the term 'Elevation Craters,' instead of cones and craters of eruption. Such a designation, as well as the theory implied by it, would be alike inappropriate in the case of all the igneous mountains which I have seen, whether in Sicily or in the volcanic district of Naples, central France, or, lastly, Madeira and the Canaries.\*

The prodigious quantity of matter ejected from volcanos is amazing. We have only to look at the vast extent and depth of the scorize and of lava cast forth by one eruption of magnitude, to realise the formation of cones and craters and the accumulation on volcanic mountains of enormous layers of matter. During the famous eruption of Cotopaxi in 1533, witnessed by the Spaniards under Sebastian de Bebelcazar, the plain around the foot of the mountain was strewn through a radius of fifteen miles and more, with great fragments of rock, many of which measured as much as nine feet in diameter; and Humboldt tells us of one rock weighing upwards of 200 tons, as having been launched into the air to a height of several hundred feet during an eruption of this volcano. The force required to produce these results is almost bewildering to our senses; it may be explained however by the power of heat. Bacon long ago cast considerable light on the phenomena of volcanos as connected with heat in his *Novum Organum*, where he says:

Heat is a motion expansive, restrained and acting in its strife upon the smaller particles of bodies. But the expansion is thus modified; for while it expands all ways, it has at the same time an inclination upwards. And the struggle in the particles is modified also; it is not sluggish but hurried and with violence.†

Now, when we bear in mind that a mere scratch on the surface of our globe, which

is nearly 8,000 miles in diameter (for so the depth of only one mile must be considered) brings us to a temperature of 105°, we have only to descend in imagination to the still comparatively slight depth of twenty miles to find the earth's crust red-hot, while, if the temperature continues to increase regularly according to the same law, we should come at no very great depth beyond on a liquid sea of fire.\* But it is probable that this molten mass is at a greater distance from us than this theory would place it. Astronomical calculations tend to prove that the crust of the earth is at least 800 miles thick, and that the coating of our globe must be extremely solid and rigid to enable our planet to preserve its figure. But the further we remove the seat of the subterranean force from us, the more must we be struck by its great power. Earthquakes are indeed terrific evidence of mysterious dynamic laws; but it is only when the subterranean expansive force breaks through the earth's crust, and after violent earth throes a volcano becomes active, that we obtain a just idea of the forces at work in nature's secret laboratory.

A grand example of the tremendous action of this force may be seen in the Monte Nuovo of the Phlegrean fields, which was formed, in September 1538, on the site of the Lucrine Lake, once famous for its oysters. The eruption continued without intermission two days and two nights, and on the third day people climbed to the top of the new hill 440 feet high, and looked into the crater 421 feet deep, within which stones were boiling up. The mountain has remained quiescent ever since that period. On the other hand, the volcano of Izalco in Central America rose suddenly to the height of 1,600 feet on February 23, 1770, and has remained since in such constant activity as to serve as a beacon to mariners. The volcano of Tomboro, in Sumbawa, is another amazing

\*The most elaborate and reliable observations on the temperature of the earth's crust are those undertaken by Mr. W. Fairbairn during the sinking of the Astley Pit of the Dakenfield Colliery in Cheshire. The observations were carried on over a period of ten years, and were conducted with great care. The total depth attained was 2,151 feet, and the results are as follows:

The invariable temperature at a depth of 164 ft., 51°.

Between 693 ft. and 710 ft. the temperature was 58°.

Between 710 and 927 ft. the rate of increase was 1° for every 62·4 ft.

Between 927 and 1,257 ft. the rate was 1° for 60 ft.

Between 1,257 and 1,839 ft. the rate was 1° for 86° 91 ft.

Between 1,839 and 2,055 ft. the rate was 1° for 85·6 ft.

And the mean of the whole series of observations gives 1° for every 83·2 ft.

\* *Principles of Geology.*

† *Bacon's Works*, vol. xiv. — Spedding's translation.

evidence of subterranean force. In 1815 it yielded ashes and scorix sufficient to form three mountains, each equal in cubic contents to Mont Blanc, or to cover the whole of Germany with scorix two feet deep.

But even more tremendous is the volcano of Mauna Loa, a huge domed-shaped mountain in Hawaii, nearly 14,000 feet above the sea, formed chiefly by the repeated outflows of a highly liquid lava boiling up and cascading over the lips of a central vent at its summit. The phenomena of this volcano are on the most stupendous scale. The highest crater, which is circular, 8,000 feet in diameter, and 830 feet deep, is frequently filled by the welling up of the lava from the vents at its bottom. During one of the latest eruptions the lava stream extended sixty-five miles, and averaged four miles in width, and twelve feet in depth. Its discharge was accompanied by columns of fire, scorix of filamentous lava (called *Pele's hair*), and dense vapour which towered over the crater to the height of 800 feet for twenty days, darkening the sun and obscuring every object a few yards distant; while from the surface of the lava currents, clouds of steam rolled upwards. On this occasion it is calculated that within ten months 15,400,000,000 cubic feet of molten matter were blown out of the crater, and that the lava overflowed an area of 200,000 acres in the same period of time. The lava in this gigantic crater rarely remains long at the same level. It sometimes rises to the lip of the crater, at other times sinks entirely out of sight. The subsidence leaves irregular shelves or ledges around the walls of the crater. The eruption in 1840 of Kilawea, fifteen miles from Mauna Loa, was, if possible, more appalling.

The wonderful crater of this volcano is of an irregular elliptical figure, seven miles round, and 1,430 feet deep. It became full in the latter part of 1839 of boiling lava more or less crusted over, and suddenly in 1840 the tremendous caldron was emptied by means of lateral vents. A lava stream four miles wide and thirty miles in length was formed in seventy hours, and for the space of fourteen days plunged in a vast fiery cataract one mile wide over a precipice fifty feet in height into the sea, where it formed three islands, and killed immense numbers of fish.

Vast, however, as is this crater, it is but a tiny cup compared to those craters with which the moon's surface is crowded. The crater of Copernicus is forty-five miles in diameter, and its depth, according to computations made by aid of the most powerful modern telescopes, is no less than 11,300

feet, while the height of the wall above the general surface of the moon is 2,650 feet. The tremendous energy of the eruptive forces which created such a volcano as this, staggers our senses, and those who have enjoyed a good telescopic survey of this lunar phenomenon doubtless well remember its unearthly grandeur. It is very remarkable, too, how greatly certain areas on the moon's surface resemble terrestrial volcanic regions. The lunar mountain Gassendi is very similar to the extinct volcanic district of Auvergne, and there is even a greater resemblance between the volcanic region of Vesuvius and the Phlegrean fields, and the Mount Maurolycus, with its numerous adjoining craters. The moon indeed, at least as respects the hemisphere which alone we are able to contemplate, presents the appearance of a burnt-out globe once imbued with volcanic life and an intense outward activity, probably with seas and an atmosphere now dried up and extinct. Strange that this orb of whose brilliance poets so sweetly sing, and whose reflected light is the charm of our nights should in reality be a burnt-out globe. Thinking thus, may we not imagine that if our world should not be destroyed in the manner pointed out by the new meteoric theory of the sun's heat,\* but become a dead planet, it may too, like the moon, shine brilliantly to other worlds, the inhabitants of which will perhaps gaze curiously on the craters and ridges — the bones, so to speak — of our globe, and speculate on what manner of people once lived upon it.

The recent eruption of Leon may be cited as a strong instance of the apparently undiminished power of subterranean force. The phenomena commenced on November 27, 1867, by a series of explosions which shook the earth throughout a large area. The volcano then discharged vast quantities of black sand, and a column of flame and smoke which appeared from Leon to be sprinkled by meteor-like spots, rose to a height of 3,000 feet. These spots proved to be rocks from four to five feet in diameter. The discharge of sand continued until the morning of November 30, and was of such density that the surrounding country to a distance of above fifty miles from the volcano was covered by it. The forest for leagues around the volcano is represented as being scarred and maimed by the swift falling showers of keen edged sand and stones, and for half a mile from the cone trees are levelled with the ground. The volcano was prodigiously active for sixteen days, and now in its repose is a most instructive field for

\* See Mayer's *Dynamik des Himmels*, 1848.

the geologist. Indeed no volcanic region presents a more interesting study than the plain of Leon. Twenty volcanic cones may be seen from the town, and the entire country rises up, as it were, in terrible evidence of what Nature can do in her hottest and fiercest wrath. No wonder that the Mexicans invoked the aid of their gods against the mysterious power of the numerous volcanos which desolated their country. It is related that Tezozomoc, the high priest of the Mexicans, gave aloe leaves inscribed with sacred characters to persons who had to journey among the volcanos, which were supposed to have the effect of protecting them from injury. The legend has been used by Southey in his *Madoc*:

So may ye safely pass  
Between the mountains, which in endless war,  
Hurtle with horrible uproar, and crush  
Of rocks, that meet in battle.

But though we must go far from our country to witness volcanic phenomena on a stupendous scale, in these days of facile travel it may be said that we have a volcano almost at our door, second to few in physical interest, and surpassing all others in historical associations. Do the wells dry up, or does the earth quake in the south of Italy, you are sure to be told that the agent is Vesuvius, and indeed this volcano occupies a large and important chapter in the history of Italy. The *ἄριστος* *Ὀρεσίου* of Strabo and the *Vesēvus* of the Romans, its volcanic character is recognised by ancient geographers. But though Diodorus Siculus, who was born on the flanks of Etna about 50 B.C., writes of Vesuvius as volcanic, and Vitruvius, who lived in the Augustan age, mentions a tradition in his day that the mountain had emitted flames; Strabo, who wrote a few years later, describes it as having a truncated cone with a barren and ashy aspect full of cavern-like hollows, produced apparently by fire which had now become extinct. All trustworthy evidence points to the conclusion that before the tremendous eruption that destroyed Pompeii and Herculaneum, Vesuvius was quiescent. Velleius Paterculus, and Plutarch, in his life of Crassus, give a curious account of the escape of the Thracian general Spartacus from the Romans, which incidentally throws considerable light on the condition of the mountain, A.U.C. 681. It is to the effect that Spartacus and his followers having encamped within the crater, Clodius besieged him in his strange retreat by occupying the pass leading within the crater, and

thus cutting off as he supposed the only means of escape. The gladiators, however, made ladders of the vines which they found growing within the crater of such a length and so strong that they were enabled to descend 'from the top of the hill to the very bottom,' which we must assume to mean from the lip of the crater, which must have been nearly vertical, to the base of the cone. The Romans, adds the account, 'having no suspicion of this movement, were assailed in the rear by the gladiators, who had marched round the mountain, and were put to flight, with the loss of their whole camp.' This relation further leads to the inference that Somma, which now forms the north peak of the mountain, was a part of the wall of the original crater outside which the gladiators descended.

It was during the reign of Nero, A.D. 63, that Vesuvius first began to show signs that the subterranean fires were not extinguished. In that year the earth around the mountain was convulsed to such a degree that portions of Pompeii and Herculaneum were destroyed. The following year another violent earthquake injured Naples, and destroyed the theatre where Nero had been acting a few minutes before its overthrow. A succession of earthquakes followed extending over sixteen years, increasing in violence until the year 79, when they gave place to the tremendous eruption which destroyed Pompeii and Herculaneum. The younger Pliny in his celebrated letter on this occasion, gives an account of his uncle's death by this eruption. He tells us that the court in Pompeii adjoining the room in which his uncle was sleeping became so quickly filled with ashes that had the sleeper tarried longer he could not have been got away alive. And when he escaped from the doomed city, the stones and ashes fell in such prodigious showers, occasioning a deeper darkness than that of the blackest night, that he and his companions became perplexed, and being further affected by the noxious vapours that poisoned the air, he fell down and died. A notable feature of this memorable eruption was the enormous volumes of steam which were blown off from the crater and which, mixed with lapillæ, fell on the surrounding country. The result was the formation of mud or volcanic alluvium which penetrated into places where neither scoræ nor stones could enter, and by which Herculaneum was destroyed. The effect of this tremendous eruption was to break down the western wall of the crater and to destroy the entire side of the mountain next to the sea, leaving as the on-

ly remains of the ancient crater the little ridge on the south flank known to visitors as La Pedimentina, and that portion of the wall which under the name of Somma encircles about two-fifths of the present cone. After this tremendous paroxysm an interval of tranquillity seems to have ensued, which lasted until 203, when a second eruption took place.\* Fifty-six other eruptions have occurred at various intervals ranging from one year to nearly three hundred, from the date of that which destroyed Pompeii to the present time. The most notable of these were in 472, when the villages erected on the site of Pompeii and Herculaneum were destroyed, and the ashes fell as far as Constantinople and Tripoli; in 1036 when a broad and deep stream of lava reached the sea; in 1631 when 1,800 persons were killed; in 1737 when the volcano emitted an enormous quantity of white ashes, and vapours issued from the crater and fissures of so noxious a nature that many men and beasts were killed by them; in 1766, when the mountain was in a state of tremendous activity from March until December, vomiting enormous volcanic bombs and vast lava streams; in 1779 when the destruction of Naples was apprehended; and in 1793, when the eruption continued with scarcely any intermission, from February in that year until July 1794. This eruption was remarkable for the extraordinary height to which rocks emitted from the crater were carried, many attaining the elevation of 2,000 ft., and also for the enormous streams of lava that flowed from fifteen different sources, and joining in one stream from 12 to 40 ft. in thickness advanced 380 ft. into the sea. This current, which may still be examined at Torre del Greco, was only six hours passing from the crater to the sea, and the heat was so great that the sea water was boiling one hundred yards from the termination of the new lava promontory. Considerable loss of life occurred at Torre del Greco, which was destroyed, but although the Neapolitan Government did all in their power to induce the inhabitants to rebuild their town on a safer site, they refused to abandon the old locality. Indeed, so rooted are the citizens of Torre del Greco to their unfortunate town, that the Neapolitans have a joke on their own ex-

\* During this period of tranquillity we are informed that the sides of the crater became overgrown with brushwood, and forest trees, and that the crater itself became the haunt of wild boars. It will be remembered by those who visited Naples some years ago that the crater of the extinct volcano of Astroni was selected by the ex-King of Naples as a preserve for his wild boars and other animals.

emption from the misfortunes of their neighbours: 'Napoli fa li peccati, e la Torre li paga.'

The most imposing eruption during this century occurred in October 1822. For nearly twelve days ashes and stones fell in one continued shower. The atmosphere was so filled with these and by augitic sand, that day was converted into night. Darkness prevailed as far even as Amalfi, where the ashes fell to a depth of several inches. One mass of lava, many tons in weight, was thrown into the gardens of the Prince of Ottaiano, three miles distant. The hot aqueous vapour which issued from the crater during the eruption, diffused itself through the atmosphere, and formed, on cooling, a dense cloud which enveloped the column of ashes and fire that rose 10,000 ft. above the level of the sea. The formation of the cloud and the sudden condensation of vapour greatly increased the electric tension. Flashes of forked lightning darted in all directions from the column of ashes, while the rolling thunder might be clearly distinguished from the deep rumbling sounds within the volcano. In no known and recorded eruption has the play of the electric forces been so powerfully manifested as on this occasion. In the middle of the eruption the great cone suddenly fell in with a loud crash, causing the crater to assume the form of an irregular gulf three miles in circumference, and nearly 2,000 ft. in depth, the sides of which were so steep, and the quantity of hydro-sulphuric, and hydrochloric acid gas emitted from them so great, that descent to the bottom of the crater was impossible.

A notable fact in the history of Vesuvius is that, with few exceptions, when it has been quiescent, Etna has been more or less active. Indeed, during the whole of the eighteenth century, the two volcanoes appear to have alternated in their actions, leading to the unavoidable inference that subterranean channels of communication exist between them. It also appears that Ischia, which, with the exception of emitting sulphur, may be said to have been tranquil for the last two thousand years, had been active during the repose of Vesuvius before the Christian era, and that the volcanic district near Naples, known as the Phlegrean fields, is always more or less active when Vesuvius is dormant. Naples, indeed, lies between two dangerous neighbours. A straight line drawn between Vesuvius and the Solfatara cuts a portion of the city, and thus were the volcanic vents of Vesuvius and the Phlegrean fields to



be closed the capital of South Italy would be seriously imperilled.

The principal facts established by the eruptions of Vesuvius are that when the crater is nearly full, the volcano may be expected to be soon active, while, on the other hand, when the crater is nearly empty, no immediate eruption is to be apprehended. The diminution of the water in the springs and wells around Vesuvius also indicates an approaching eruption.

M. Claire Deville, who has made volcanic phenomena his special study, states that there exists a constant and certain relationship between the degree of intensity of an eruption and the nature of the gaseous elements ejected from volcanic apertures. According to this theory, in an eruption of maximum intensity, the predominant volatile product is chloride of sodium accompanied by other products of soda and potassium; in those of a second degree hydrochloric acid and chloride of iron predominate; in a third class of eruption hydro-sulphuric acid and the salts of ammonia prevail, and in the last class of all nothing is found but steam, carbonic acid, and combustible gases. Thus complete eruptions are of four degrees of intensity. When a great eruption like the present one of Vesuvius, follows in its ordinary decreasing march it passes successively through these four different phases in proportion as it becomes weaker and weaker.

The height of the eruptive cone of Vesuvius varies considerably; the most authentic measurements made at various times vary from 3,400 to 4,327 feet. It was formerly asserted that upwards of eighty distinct minerals were to be found in the products of the great subterranean laboratory of this volcano, and though recent careful researches have reduced the number to about forty, the fact remains 'that in an area of three square miles round Vesuvius a greater number of simple minerals have been found than in any spot of the same dimensions on the surface of the globe.\*' The minerals thrown out by Vesuvius are hornblende, augite, mica, breislakite, sodalite, magnetic iron, and leucite. Somma produces, in addition to these, many others. Mr. Sorby, well known for his microscopic examination of rocks, states that all the lavas which he has examined contain water, which leads to the inference that the vapour which they held at the time of their formation was that of water.

It has been observed that the lava ejected from Vesuvius during the eruptions of

\* Lyell's *Principles of Geology*.

this century, and especially that of 1822, contains a very large proportion of augite.\* In 1845 crystals of this mineral as large as nuts, having a vitreous lustre, were ejected, which were probably formed within the volcanic vents previous to the eruption.† There is perhaps no class of telluric phenomena which has more deeply engaged the attention of geologists than the mineral characteristics and constitution of lavas, but viewed by the strongest and most penetrating lights of science how little do we know of these and of the interior of a volcano. We may peer curiously down the deepest crater, but between us and our fellow-creatures at the Antipodes is a great gulf which no man can fathom, and respecting which no philosopher, however much he may yearn to discover that great 'hidden ocean of truth,' can give us tidings. We can only come back baffled from the feeblest flight to make the most that we can of the commonplace facts actually within our ken. Were it in the power of geologists to crack this round world of ours nut fashion, or to sever it in twain, we might increase our knowledge, though probably at the cost of our lives, but as happily these practical inquiries are impossible we can only speculate on the nature of the matter which exists beneath the crust of our planet. Dr. Daubeny, who devoted a large portion of his scientific life to researches in volcanic phenomena, brought forward the important fact of the gradual advance in the intensity of chemical processes from lesser to greater depths in the interior of the earth. However much theories may clash and speculation be at fault respecting the precise nature of the interior of our globe, we can hardly err in believing that the floods of molten lava ejected by volcanoes are portions of what was once the condition of our globe in its early igneous state. This belief not only adds greatly to the intense interest of a volcano, especially when it is vomiting fiery floods and volcanic bombs, but enables us to understand in a great measure physical phenomena on the surface of our globe, which, without this light, would be very dark and perplexing. Nor is it probable that all the matter ejected from one volcano proceeds from its own bowels alone. The covering of the three cities, Stabiae, Pompeii, and Herculaneum

\* This mineral was thus named by Pliny from the Greek *αὐγίη*, *lustre*.

† Mr. Darwin defines the specific gravity of the usual component minerals of lavas as ranging, in felspar from 2 to 2.74; hornblende, or augite, 2.4 to 3.4; olivin, 3.3 to 3.4; quartz, 2.6 to 2.8; and, lastly, in oxides of iron, from 4.8 to 5.2. — *Volcanic Islands*.

under a heap of ashes and mud from 60 to 112 feet in depth, seems an effort almost too gigantic for the power of a single volcano if we did not take into consideration the vast depths and areas at which volcanic operations take place. Vesuvius has on more than one occasion ejected in a short space of time matter far exceeding in bulk the whole of the mountain, and yet the volcano was not diminished in size, for when the cone falls in, it is built up again by eruptions, and thus whatever changes may be effected in the condition of the mountain by the eruption of this winter, they will be only temporary. This eruption commenced on November 12, 1867, and to the present time, appears to have attained its greatest violence about the middle of February, when vast sheets of lava rolled down the mountain, and the thundering of the cone shook the windows in the houses of Torre del Greco.

The most remarkable feature of this eruption is however not excessive violence, but the periodicity of the paroxysms. Indeed, so regular is this periodicity, that Professor Palmieri, head of the observatory on Vesuvius, states that he can confidently give notice at what hours the mountain may be ascended without incurring danger.

According to the most trustworthy observations Vesuvius shows the greatest activity twice daily, varying each day about half an hour; and so uniform is this variation as to have led some persons to advance the theory that the volcano acts under lunar influence. Though not absolutely endorsing this view, Professor Palmieri goes far to justify it. In one of his most recent official accounts of the eruption he observes:

The eruption of Vesuvius maintains the remarkable periodicity to which I have already drawn attention. Thus there are no novel features to be described. The hours of recurrence and duration and intensity of activity cannot fail to greatly interest the scientific world. Sir William Hamilton was the first person who drew attention to the diurnal period in a protracted eruption of this mountain. In 1855 we had an excellent opportunity of studying this phenomenon, and the daily retardation of each outflow of lava was proved beyond all doubt. The present eruption has given us an opportunity of still further confirming what was then observed.

Another remarkable feature is that the outflow of the lava has not been confined to mouths which have opened on the sides or base of the cone. In the latter part of

January the lava issued from the apex of the mountain 3,450 feet above the level of the sea, and is represented to have flowed over as from a boiling cauldron as tranquilly as water from a basin which could hold no more. While frequent periodicity of outbreaks has undoubtedly had the effect of rendering the eruption of this winter less imposing than many eruptions during the past century, the result has also been the preservation of much property from destruction. All through the eruption earthquake shocks have been very frequent in and around Naples. The seismograph has registered three or four every twenty-four hours; and on January 28, when this instrument was extremely agitated, the great fall of rock at Santa Lucia occurred. Unhappily the warnings of this valuable and highly sensitive instrument were unheeded by those who occupied houses beneath the rock. Neapolitans are notorious for their contempt of volcanic dangers, and in a moment death came and claimed his victims. No wonder, bearing in mind the frequency of earthquakes at Naples, that many of the houses are propped up, crutch fashion, for without such support they would certainly fall.

It is abundantly evident that the subterranean forces in this part of Europe are not apparently on the decline, or, if they are, and that our globe is indeed cooling, the process is so slow that many generations will pass away before any appreciable change will be noted.

Certainly a volcano in a state of eruption seems a very dangerous neighbour, but when we look at the compensation afforded by the marvellous richness of the volcanic soil, we can hardly regard it in this light. We have seen how the gladiators under Spartacus found the crater of Vesuvius clothed with wild vines; at a later period, the inhabitants of Pompeii gathered chestnuts from the same locality without dreaming of their proximity to a volcano which was to give the first notice of its existence by burying their city under the products of its eruptions; and who that has visited Vesuvius forgets the flanks of Somma, covered with the rich vineyards which produce the celebrated *Lacrima Christi* and wheat crops six feet high? Indeed, so astonishingly productive is volcanic soil, that no lurking danger can drive the inhabitants of the towns and villages on the flanks and base of this great fire-mountain from their homes.

Although it is only when a volcano is in a state of violent eruption, that its magnifi-

cence, as one of the grandest spectacles on earth, can be appreciated; yet immediately after great paroxysmal activity, a volcano can often be studied to more advantage, as access to the summit of the cone, and occasionally to the bottom of the crater, is then possible. The writer saw Vesuvius under the latter favourable circumstances. An eruption had cleared out the crater which had sunk to a great depth. Understanding that it was feasible to descend within a short distance of the bottom, and that the fires were very grand at night, the writer and a friend made arrangements to encamp on the mountain. With this view the services of two trustworthy guides were engaged, and also of four porters, who carried up provisions. Immediately after passing the observatory, which during all eruptions seems to bear a charmed existence,\* we came upon the beds of recently discharged lava which had divided into two streams near the Crocelle Hill. The lava was tossed into weird shapes, and was still hot, while puffs of vapour issued from holes in its surface. Our progress upwards over the vast slope which might be compared to immense rugged steps of lava, seemed a realisation of Milton's description of the archfiend floundering over chaos on his journey of evil to Eden. It was very interesting to observe the remarkable similarity between the lava falls and a glacier. In both cases the middle portion moves faster than the sides, and here the lava was to be seen swelling in the centre of the currents, and often presenting the appearance of gigantic coils of cable. There were cracks and fissures too, very like those in a glacier, but with this difference — that while the crevasses of a glacier run generally parallel to each other, those in lava, being due to the splitting asunder of the parts in cooling, twist and twine in all directions. Between these lava falls and the old rocks, we came occasionally on curious caves locally called *ventarole*, from whence blasts of cold air issued. These *ventarole* are frequently found in connection with volcanos. After

\* The inhabitants of the villages on the flanks of Vesuvius, ignorant of all physical laws, invariably attribute the preservation of the hermitage and observatory to San Gennaro's miraculous power, a statue of whom is kept in Ilesina. On the Fête of Pentecost, or, as it is poetically called, the Pass-over of Roses in May, the statue is carried in procession through the principal vineyards, until it arrives at the Hermitage. There it is kept during the night, and on the following morning it is borne with much solemnity to the neighbouring cross, where prayers are offered up, and the mountain is invoked to remain quiet during the year. And it is to the intervention of San Gennaro that the Neapolitans believe their city has frequently been saved from destruction by Vesuvius.

the great eruption of 1779, several large caves or tunnels of this description existed in the grounds adjoining the *Palazzo Ottaviano*, above the town of that name. From these caves Sir William Hamilton states in his account of Vesuvius at this period, extremely cold wind issued with great force, which was used for cooling provisions and wines.

At length, but not without much stumbling over the rough lava beds and the charring of our boot soles, we stood on the lip of the crater. The scene was extremely grand. Our guides with wise forethought had conducted us up the cone on the windward side, a necessary precaution, as volumes of sulphurous exhalations rolled from the crater which would have suffocated us had we come within their influence. Occasionally as the wind swirled within the crater it scooped out the dense vapours and left the vast void nearly unobscured. We now made the circuit of the crater, a long and arduous tramp, as the lip, which averaged only six feet in width, consisted of heaped up scorise and lava, rendering locomotion extremely difficult, while in many places the treacherous crust was so hot as to burn our feet. The scene was one indeed of the wildest desolation, and yet though all around bore evidence of untamable fierceness, it was not without its beauties. Many of the fumarole or smoke holes presented a beautiful appearance, their edges glowing with brilliant yellows, whites and greens, produced by the condensation of sulphuric, muriatic, and carbonic acids, combined with various alkaline, earthy, or metallic bases.

But the difficulties of proceeding round the edge of the crater were trifling compared to those attendant on the descent into it, and the climb upwards. This was choking work. More than once when eddying winds drove the sulphuretted hydrogen into our nostrils, or when we trod incautiously on the edges of fumarole, we apprehended that the crater would be our tomb. At length, half suffocated and blinded, we stood on the edge of the mysterious tube which formed the funnel of the crater. The sides were vertical, enabling us to peer far down; but no bottom was visible. The guides, however, declared that the tube was upwards of 1,000 feet deep, and judging by the time that bodies were falling before they came to rest, it is probable that the depth of this great fire-tube was not exaggerated. It was easy to detach large masses of lava and scorise from the edge of the tube which went thundering down until they seemed to fall in water. Columns of

vapour came fitfully growling up from the tube at a velocity when unaffected by the wind of about seventy-eight feet a minute. Having remained as long as possible in what might not be unaptly likened to the jaws of hell, we scrambled out of the crater, delighted to be able to inhale comparatively pure air on its edge. Here in a state of great physical exhaustion we reposed, enjoying the magnificent view of Naples, the bay and surrounding country rendered, if possible, more lovely by a gorgeous sunset, while the guides and porters were engaged in cooking our suppers. And what a supper it was! Even Brillat-Saverin, under the circumstances, would have appreciated it. The fowls were delicious, the outlets — cooked *à la victime* — were most tender and succulent; and our *lacrima Christi* — white be it observed — merited the high eulogy passed on this wine by the poet Chiabrera.\* We lingered lovingly over it, until the evening deepened into night, and the sky above the cone glowed with a lurid light.

What a change had come over the scene! In Italy, where there is but little twilight, for —

The sun's rim dips, the stars rush out,  
At one stride comes the dark —

night follows close on evening.

The lava, which in bright sunshine appeared of a dull black or dark brown, was now in many places incandescent, while, where it had cooled more, great red fissures like writhing fire-snakes seemed to twine amidst it. No wonder that our boot-soles had been completely charred; indeed it was only by stepping cautiously on the top of the scorice that locomotion without being seriously burnt was possible. In many places the fissures were at white-heat, while all round the crater the fires were more or less active. The scene was so novel and interesting that we wandered long around the crater, and over the lava slopes beneath the cone. At length, fairly worn out by fatigue and excitement, we reposed on a kind of mattress, which the guides had cleverly propped up on comparatively cool scorice, on the windward side of the cone. Here, while the porters kept watch in order to awake us if the wind shifted, we slept — not soundly, however — for all through the

night thunder-like noises came up from the crater, occasioned by vast masses of lava and scorice plunging into the tube, while steam blasts hissed and seethed as they issued from deep-seated cavities — the unquiet spirits of this great fire-mountain.

C. R. WELD.

## IMMORTALITY.

BY FRANCIS DE HAES JANVIER.

"O Death, where is thy sting? O Grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."  
(I. Corinthians, xv., 55-57.)

Who deems the Saviour dead?  
And yet He bowed His head;  
And while in sudden night the sun retired,  
And, through thick darkness hurled,  
Reeled on the shuddering world,  
The mighty Son of God, in blood, expired!

Expired — but, in the gloom  
And silence of the tomb,  
Death's mystery unveiled to mortal sight:  
Triumphant o'er His foes,  
A conqueror He rose,  
And from the grave commanded life and light!

And shall we count those dead  
For whom the Saviour bled,  
And died, and rose and lives for evermore?  
And were the grief, and loss,  
The shame, and scourge, and cross,  
Endured in vain by Him whom we adore?

And shall His children fear,  
When that great hour draws near,  
Which gives them immortality with God?  
Should not our souls rejoice  
To hear our Father's voice,  
And gladly take the path the Saviour trod?

Through death's deep shadow lies  
Our journey to the skies,  
And all beyond is light, and life, and love;  
The dead whom we deplore  
Have only passed before,  
And wait to greet us in the world above!

Then let the summons come  
Which calls our spirits home,  
From sin, and pain, and sorrow, ever free;  
Where weary ones may rest  
Upon that Saviour's breast,  
Whose death revealed our immortality!

\* *Chi fu de' contadini il sì indiscreto,  
Ch' a sbigottir la gente  
Diede nome dolente  
Al vin, che sovra gli altri il cuor fa lieto?*  
*Lacrime dunque appellarassi un riso  
Parto di nobilissima vendemmia?*

## CHAPTER VI.

## MR. MARTEN PREACHES AT SOMEBODY.

THE next day we accompanied our pastor to see the proposed Refuge, and Miss Herbert did not fail to join us. The meeting between her and the clergyman was quite of the civil, distant order — so much so, that I wondered if the young man's exercise of his ministerial functions had ever extended to a visit at the Great Farm. I expected that he and Ruth would lead the way, and leave the young lady in my charge, but as Miss Herbert attached herself to my sister, Mr. Marten and I had no alternative but to follow.

Our destination was a large old cottage at the quieter end of the row, which Upper Mallowe honoured as its "High Street." There was a narrow strip of garden in front, cut in twain by a flagged path, leading to the door. At each side of this door was a wide, latticed window, and there were three casements on the upper story. The rector had armed himself with the key — a very primitive instrument — and in a moment we were all rambling over the place, opening doors, and discovering cupboards and shelves, and such-like appliances of domestic comfort.

"I think it will do," said Ruth.

"You must not say so yet, Miss Garrett," returned Mr. Marten; "for you have not seen its chief beauty." And he ushered us into a long low room at the back, evidently an addition to the original building; for it had no chambers above it. "There!" said he, "I think that will make such a capital — what shall we call it, ma'am? — feeding-room — *salle à manger*?"

"So it will," responded Ruth: "the other two rooms can be male and female dormitories, and the floor above will do nicely for the housekeepers' home."

"But there are three upper rooms," said Mr. Marten, mounting the stairs, and rapidly opening their doors. "See! two will suffice for the housekeepers, and we shall have one superfluous."

"A great comfort for an ailing woman or a sick child," I said.

"Certainly," answered Ruth; "and now, Mr. Marten, can you tell us the rent?"

"The landlord has always asked sixteen pounds a year," replied he; "but the cottage has this disadvantage: it is too large and expensive for the poorer class of tenants, and too rough for any others, and so he says he will part with it entirely for one hundred and twenty pounds. What do you think of that offer, Mr. Garrett?"

"I will accept it," I answered; "and then the remaining expenses will be a small salary for the housekeepers, who will have their rooms rent free, and who need not be wholly without other work, and a little fund for meals, and general assistance for the poor wanderers."

"And furniture?" suggested Miss Herbert, timidly.

"Oh, every bit of that must be begged," said my sister.

The Reverend Lewis Marten put on a very wry face.

"Come, come," said I, "you have made a good beginning already, and you know I am pledged to help you."

"You two look after the money," advised Ruth. "Do you suppose the village mothers will promise *you* old pans, and kettles, and pillows? Leave those things to us."

"I have read of a very good plan," said that sweet voice, which only spoke too seldom. "When some good German wished to furnish an orphan house, he made a little blank book, and wrote on each leaf such headings as 'bedding,' 'earthenware,' and so on. Then he sent the book about, and every one wrote in it what they would give, and thus each might be quite sure they were not giving what was already had."

"Thank you very much, Miss Herbert," returned my sister: "that is a good idea. Whenever anything like that strikes you, mind you tell us."

"Of course I shall," said Miss Herbert.

"No 'of course' about it," replied Ruth; "you hesitated before you said that. And you'll have other wise thoughts come; but you'll be so afraid they're foolish, that you'll let us old folks go blundering on without their help. Now, promise me you won't?"

"I'll try," said the dear girl.

And Ruth looked at her, and gave her head a queer little shake which I could not understand.

"Well, I think we are getting on, very well," remarked the clergyman. "I'll just get my memorandum-book, and take a note of our position. But, dear me, I have not a pencil!"

"Oh, I have one," answered Miss Herbert, producing a dainty "lady's companion." Its fastening was a little intricate, and she drew off her gloves to undo it. In the course of this action, I saw something I had not noticed before. On the "engaged" finger she wore a broad, richly-chased gold ring — one of the kind known as "guards."

"Thank you," said Mr. Marten, accept



ing the proffered pencil. "Now, 'Edward Garrett, Esq., £120' — that looks handsome! Then, 'Miss Ruth Garrett' — what did I understand?" and he glanced archly at my sister.

"You did not understand anything," Ruth retorted. "I've got very little, and I mean to keep it to fill up odd corners where Edward's grand subscription won't go."

"Well, I've written your name," returned Mr. Marten, "and I shall let it stay. Then there's the two old ladies to whom I named the Refuge — Mrs. Withers, one pound one; and Miss Tabitha Vix, five shillings — that's all for the present. Total, one hundred and twenty-one pounds six shillings, and an unknown blank, you see, Miss Garrett."

"Uncle says he will give five pounds," whispered Agnes Herbert.

"Oh, come! this is famous!" said the rector, resuming his notes; "and may I put down anything from you?"

"Half-a-crown, if it's worth while," she said, softly; "and one shilling from Sarah — that's our servant, Sarah Irons, you know. Perhaps we may get something better out of the lumber-room. Uncle lets us give away anything we find there; but I haven't looked over it for a long time."

"The first thing we have to do," said Ruth, as we left the house, "is to get a good housekeeper, and then we can say, 'Gifts thankfully received at the Refuge.'"

"And who is to hire this housekeeper?" asked Mr. Marten.

"I will, please," responded Ruth. "If you like, you may set that down as my subscription. It may prove worth more than Edward's."

Both the clergyman and Miss Herbert resisted our pressing invitation to lunch. So we returned home alone, and Alice admitted us — red-eyed, but smiling, after the parting from her brother.

In the course of the day Ruth paid another visit to the Refuge. She and Alice went there in the twilight, and stayed some time. I half guessed the mischief they were plotting, and I was not mistaken. Alice and her grandfather were appointed hostess and host at the Refuge.

"It will be so nice to tell in my first letter to Ewen!" said Alice.

Now you may be sure the opening of this Refuge made quite a commotion in our sleepy village of Upper Mallowe, — more sensation even than the sudden curtailment of chanting in St. Cross. The two events happened simultaneously. Before gossip could circulate any particulars about the

new "charity," it was announced that the Reverend Lewis Marten was to preach a sermon thereon. Out of curiosity, some of the people who usually walked to the Ritualistic church at Hopleigh, turned their steps to St. Cross. Also, out of curiosity, some of the old farmers laid down the local paper, and went to hear the local discourse. They found the creaking doors set wide open to receive them, and the bereaved pew-opener's temper was all the sweeter for being spared the trial of the singing-boys in the vestry. The lads, themselves, conspicuous by their absence in an official capacity, occupied seats about the church, either under the surveillance of their parents, or steadied by the charge of junior relatives.

The service began. Neither Mr. Marten nor I had exchanged a word on the subject beyond what I have related. He read the sentences and exhortation in his usual clear ringing tone, and there followed a brief expectant silence. Then he lifted up his voice without the intonation with which he was wont to accompany the chanting. The scattered choir boys, previously instructed, were the first to join, but by the third or fourth petition of our glorious old confession the whole congregation responded. The farmers looked approvingly at each other, and I think the Ritualistic strangers were too surprised to be displeased. The same reform went on throughout the service, and the old people, too blind to read, had the full benefit of those beautiful reassuring psalms, which so marvellously suit every circumstance and experience.

It was the Twenty-second Sunday after Trinity, and the rector took his text from the Gospel for the day. "Shouldest not thou have had compassion on thy fellow-servant, even as I had pity on thee?" His heart was warm with the subject: and his words were eloquent in proportion. As usual, he dwelt strongly on the spiritual wickedness of the world, but only to show the depth of misery from which Christ had saved it. And his closing remarks struck me so much, that I can recall them almost word for word: —

"Christ has forgiven us the ten thousand talents, that dreadful debt which Adam contracted, and which descends to us with accumulating interest. The greatest saint and the greatest sinner are both included in the bond which His mercy remits.

"Yet people rarely realise this brotherhood in evil and misery, this participation in proffered forgiveness. God draws no distinction between sin and crime. The world does. It must. But do not let us say this is

because crime injures society, while sin may be left to God, as a matter wholly between Him and the sinner. Crime grows from sin, as the tree springs from its root. Law only punishes crime, simply because sin is too subtle for it. Why, brethren, the sins that really injure society, and from which issue the crimes which fill our prisons and reformatories, are sins to which none of us could truly plead 'Not guilty.' First and foremost is the little seed of self sprouting into wilfulness, and sloth, and apathy. Who has never preferred his own 'weal to another's, never driven his own will over another's comfort, never held back his hand when he should have stretched it out, or kept silence when he ought to have spoken? If these questions were pressed upon us, who would not be convicted by his own conscience?

"Justice can punish the murderer or the thief, but human justice cannot reach the influences which may have raised his hand against his fellows. Do not suppose these influences excuse his crime. No one need be a victim to circumstance. Circumstance is only given us to conquer. But neither does circumstance excuse the man from whom proceeded the evil influence. Ah, my brethren, when the shadow of a great crime darkens the length and breadth of the land, who of us can safely say, 'I have had no share in this'? A mere want of punctuality or promptitude, by souring tempers, and embittering hearts, may be the first step on the dark road which ends with a gallows! The devil takes care that sin shall be a maze, wherein nobody knows where each path may lead.

"But you will answer, 'Christ came to deliver us from sin.' Truly He came to redeem us from its bondage. He came to show us what we were in Eden, and what we may be again in Paradise. He came to throw the mantle of His own spotless righteousness over the ragged holiness which clothes the purest earthly saint. He came to hold up before us that perfect humanity which fell in fragments round the tree of the knowledge of good and evil. Yes, my brethren, He came to do all this, and what is the result? Those, whom He draws closest to Himself — those, whose purblind souls are so anointed with the balm of His forgiveness, that henceforth they can see clearly — those are the very ones who cry with St. Paul, 'The good that I would, I do not: but the evil which I would not, that I do.' Such walk in humility and gentleness, ever watchful lest some unwary stumble of theirs crush a soul 'for whom Christ died,' ever praying, 'Lord, pardon

us for the sins which we mistake for virtues!'

"Yes, Christ Himself tells us that 'it must needs be that offences come.' The world is God's work, but Satan's tangle is in it. Every one of us — you and I — have done our little share to perpetuate that tangle. And so long as we carry about our mortality, the devil will sometimes catch our fingers, and set them at the old mischievous work. But in the meantime we must put our hands to labour on God's side. There is always a task ready for us. Wherever we see pain, or sorrow, or poverty, or death, let us remember we confront suffering born of sin, *our sin*.

"My brethren, I am about to suggest a solemn thought. It has been said of some holy men, that they never knew how much good they did. It may be truly said of all of us, that we know not what evil we have caused. You, the regular worshipper and communicant, some permanent inconsistency in your life may have given a forgotten acquaintance a lasting prejudice against religion. You, parents, bewailing rebellious children, perhaps you 'provoked' them to wrath and sin. You, neglected wives, by your own peevishness and self-consideration may have alienated the love which you should have held next to God's. I, myself, lamenting over the empty seats I too often see in this temple, may have driven my flock away by my own coldness and apathy! And alas! alas! my brethren, the evil our own hands have done, our own hands cannot always undo. Those whom we injure, die or go beyond our influence. There are words and deeds which we cannot recollect without remorse, yet which can never be cancelled. Then, as we pray that other hands may efface our wrong-doing, let us remember that some may be so praying on behalf of one whom we can succour, either in mind or body. How happy we should be to hear that God had permitted a good man to destroy our evil work! So, let us be up and doing, that in our turn, with God's blessing, we may confer that happiness on others. Let it no more be said that the homeless, the erring, or the miserable, pass among us unprotected, uncounselled, and uncheered. Christmas again draws near — to some of us it will be brighter than ever before; to others its earthly brightness may be departed. But the gayest, as well as the poorest and the saddest, and the utterly bereaved, will be none the worse for winning 'the blessing of those that were ready to perish.'"

Mr. Marten spoke so earnestly and point-

edly, that the interest of the most sluggish was aroused, and the church was solemn with the breathless silence of rapt attention. There was but one interruption. When the rector's warning touched on family miseries, Mr. Herbert suddenly rose, left his seat, and walked down the aisle. At the font, however, he paused, passed his hand reflectively over his whiskers, and returned to his pew. But immediately after the final benediction, and before any one had risen from prayer, he and his niece both left the building.

There was a collection made at the door, and when we passed out, the "plates" seemed in a tolerably prosperous condition. The rough church-path was not so clear as on my first visit to St. Cross, for neighbours were lingering to greet other neighbours whom they had not seen there for a long time. As we went through the crowd I heard many remarks such as these:—

"Parson gave us a mighty fine sermon. He seems quite awakened up."

"Ay, you may say that! He spoke as if he meant it."

"A'most as if he wor preachin' to some 'un there, and knew ezactly what they wanted."

"Perhaps he wor'."

Next day when Mr. Marten came to confess his mistake, and to own that the people of Upper Mallowe had proved liberal beyond his hopes, I told him this. He smiled at the rough criticism, but his reply was—

"They were right. I was preaching at some one,—at myself. All the time I bore in mind my miserable blunder with that poor fellow, Ewen."

"Ah, you had a visit from him before he left for London," said Ruth.

"So I had," he answered.

"And what did you say?" inquired my sister.

"We each begged the other's pardon," returned the rector, "and I think he'll count me among the friends he has left at Upper Mallowe,—or at least not among the enemies. He is not at all an ordinary chip of humanity. You did a great work in saving him, Mr. Garrett."

"Edward just did a common Christian duty," said Ruth; "if God bless it, to Him be all the glory!"

"And you think the people felt my sermon last Sunday?" queried Mr. Marten, presently.

"Yes, just because your heart was in every word," I answered.

"I feared I was, as usual, too gloomy and severe," he remarked.

"No, no," said I; "you own you were preaching at yourself,—therefore you loved the sinner, understood his errors, and felt a human pity for his remorse. Now, you must ask God to enlarge your sympathies till you can do the same in every case, and then your severity will be only truthful love."

"And if your preaching suits your own heart, it will certainly suit somebody else," added Ruth.

## CHAPTER VII.

### GEORGE WILMOT FROM LONDON.

AND thus Christmas drew near. By that time the Refuge was fairly established, Miss Herbert's "Contribution Book" having secured sundry very useful gifts, which went far to spare our little cash account, and Mr. McCallum and Alice were settled in their new abode—both made exceedingly happy by punctual and comfortable letters from Ewen. And so Ruth and I jogged on in our quiet way.

But we saw very little of Agnes. She helped my sister in all the Refuge arrangements, yet we could not allure her to our house for a leisurely visit, nor even detain her for such when she made a call. She was always quite anxious to return home, as if it were some post of imperative duty, from which absence was absolute desertion.

"How shall we keep Christmas, Ruth?" I asked one evening in December.

"Just like a Thanksgiving Sunday, I suppose," said she. "There are no children coming home for the holidays."

Now, of course I knew that. But Ruth will say things.

"Christmas is a birthday feast," I remarked, "and so it should be kept."

"Ah, but birthdays are drear times," she answered, "when there's no one to stoop over us and give us a kiss and a keepsake."

"I suppose that is why old people leave off keeping them," I said. "I think they are wrong; let them rather give kisses and keepsakes on the dear date when they used to receive them. So with Christmas. Ah, Ruth, you were mistaken when you said we had no child to gladden us at this season. Is there not a Babe in a manger at Bethlehem which is ours forever?"

Ruth did not reply. She never replies to such remarks. I believe she thinks the more for her silence, for by-and-by she said—

"Then what should you like to do on Christmas Day?"

"I want to give as many little bits of pleasure as I can," I replied; "such little bits of pleasure as made me happy when I was a boy, Ruth."

"Ah, you were easy to please, Edward," said she; "and a very good thing, too!"

"Any one who can be pleased at all is as pleased with little as with much," I replied.

"A Christmas card gives as much delight as a Christmas-box. A child is as charmed with the discovery of a blackberry bush, as is a miner with his nugget. And perhaps the one 'find' is as valuable as the other."

"To the child, may be; but not to the man," retorted Ruth. "Recollect, grown-up people have no leisure to go blackberry-hunting unless they've first got a nugget of their own, or are degraded enough to live on other people. Don't you pretend to undervalue money, Edward. It's God's gift as much as any thing else. It depends on us whether it be a blessing or a curse."

"That is how you always pull me up when I grow poetical," I said, smiling.

"Talking rubbish is not poetical," she answered. "Sham sentiment is too often mistaken for poetry, and when people find common-life tears off such rags as she goes along, they foolishly fancy they are too fine for every-day wear, and so put aside she tinsel for best occasions. Now real poetry is just naked truth."

"You are far too clever to argue with, Ruth," said I.

"Ah, you see I kept a circulating library, and the best books were always at home," she remarked, dryly.

Presently, being really willing to fall in with my humble plans, she observed—

"But a little consideration makes money go very far in giving pleasure. It prevents you sending coals to a widow at Newcastle, or presenting a farmer with a turkey, or a schoolboy with Euclid, or a blind man with a tract."

"That is to the point, Ruth," I said; "now I just want to give a little bit of genuine delight to every one I know. I wish you had second sight, and could reveal the secret desire of each friend and neighbour."

"Then you would find out you could satisfy none," she returned. "Do you think folks are so shallow as to long for aught you could send as a Christmas gift?"

"No," I answered; "but every one has some dear little wish, whose gratification makes the great want easier to bear."

"You are right there," responded my sister. "If you cannot give a man dinner, you may give him a biscuit for lunch."

"We must send some pretty surprise to every house which has young folks," I said.

"And we must not let them find out where it comes from," added Ruth. "Nobody will set greater value on any thing because sent by you or me, Edward. If they cannot guess the giver, it will make them feel kindly towards all their friends."

"But yet we cannot tell what will please each child," I remarked.

"A book or a picture with a little innocent mystery about it will satisfy all the young people," answered Ruth. "It will be harder to hit the fancy of the elder ones."

"The elder ones will be pleased in the young ones' pleasure," I said; "and as I find there will be cheap railway excursions to and from London at Christmas-time, I shall buy a return-ticket and send it to Ewen, and his arrival on Christmas morning shall be my gift to that family."

"Bravo, Edward," exclaimed my sister; "that is just the right thing. You are cleverer than I am, in your own way."

"Only you think it a small sort of way," I said, laughing.

"As you know my thoughts, I'll not contradict you," said she. "And what shall we do for Mr. Marten?"

"Ask him to dinner?" I queried.

Ruth shook her head. "Very likely he would have somewhere better to go," she said, "though he might come, thinking to please us; while, for my own part, I'd rather have only ghosts at the Christmas-table."

"And yet you have never known the bitter changes which some know," I remarked; "you can only miss our father and our mother, and they were spared till their time was fully ripe."

"I know the changes in myself," Ruth answered. "It's my own ghost that comes to see me on feast-days."

"But you would not object to any guest who had nowhere else to go?" I asked.

"Certainly not," she said; "such a presence would lay the ghost. Not that I wish it laid. I like to see what a fool I was once. I only wish I could be such a fool now!"

"Age is higher and happier than youth," I remarked, harping on my pet theory.

"I know it," she answered; "but yet some folks like climbing mountains better than sitting at rest. You must not judge every one by yourself, Edward."

"I wish I could guess what would please Agnes Herbert," I said, presently.

"If we only knew what ailed the girl!" observed Ruth.

We little dreamed who was then walking across our garden. We heard the back door slammed, and in a moment Phillis appeared in the parlour, announcing that a gentleman had brought a little ragged boy to our gate, and had bidden him ask for Mr. Garrett.

"Is the gentleman in the kitchen? Who is he?" asked Ruth, rising, in astonishment.

"Please, ma'am, I could not see him out in the dark," answered the sapient Phillis, "and he wouldn't wait; but says he to the boy, when I opened the gate, 'You're all right now,' says he. And, please, sir, the boy seems stupified-like."

"It's only some stranger who has heard of us in connection with the Refuge," said L. "Is the lad in the kitchen, Phillis?"

"I've kept him out in the passage," replied Phillis; "for it's a bad night, and he's awful muddy, and would muck the kitchen-floor, if you please, sir."

"No, I'm not pleased, Phillis," I answered. "If cleanliness is to follow godliness, then kindness must keep between."

"Ask the boy to the fire directly," said practical Ruth; "at the same time let him rub his feet well upon the mat."

"This is a queer adventure," I commented, as the girl obediently departed, and we prepared to follow.

"I daresay it will put your Christmas cards and keepsakes right out of your head," said Ruth.

"A very good suggestion," I retorted. "Your doubt will help me to remember them, my sister."

We found the boy seated by the kitchen-hearth, with his dirty feet tucked up on the rug of the Windsor chair, perhaps by Phillis's directions. He seemed a coarse, vulgar, neglected lad, and he gave an introductory snivel when he saw us. Of course he was a scrap of God's writing, but the divine characters were sadly blurred.

"Do you want to speak with me — Mr. Garrett?" I asked, taking a seat opposite him.

"The gen'lman said so," he answered.

"What have you to say?" I inquired.

"I dunno," he replied, hopelessly, whirling his thick, dirty hands; "only the gen'lman said, 'Then, you're all right now.'"

We had heard as much from Phillis.

"Who was the gentleman?" I questioned.

"I dunno," replied the boy.

"What were you doing when he spoke to you?" asked Ruth. Her clear, quick tones penetrated his thick skull deeper than

mine. I fancy they had a magisterial echo, for he instantly thrust his red forefinger into his bleared eye, and jerked out, whiningly, "I warn't a-doing of no harm. I only arst him for a penny."

"You're a stranger here," remarked Ruth, in the same sharp voice, which seemed to keep his mind awake; "where do you come from?"

"I comed from Lunnon — I tramped it," he answered; "mother only died this day was a week."

He did not look so vulgar and coarse when one heard that history. God help the boy!

"What brought you here?" asked Ruth.

"Mother said father was summat here: he'd run away from her, years ago. She niver wanted to be arter him herself, but she bid me look to him, when she wor gone."

"What is his name?" I inquired.

"George Wilnot," said the lad, "and that's mine too."

"I don't believe there's such a name in the place, sir," said Phillis, aside.

"You say you asked the gentleman for a penny," pursued Ruth; "then what did he answer?"

"Please, he catched me by the shoulder, an' turned me round, an' stared at me for a minute or two, and didn't say nothin'."

"Not at first, perhaps," continued Ruth, "but what did he say when he spoke?"

"He said 'God help us!' just like mother used; and then he asked my name," said the boy.

"And then?" queried Ruth.

"Then he said, 'I havn't anything to give you.' But he kep' hold o' my shoulder, an' I walked along with him, till he says, 'Where are you going to-night?' And I telled him I must sleep under an 'edge or summat. And he says, 'God help us!' again; and fell a-thinking like."

"What made him bring you here?" asked my sister.

"Well, he says, 'By-the-bye, there's a Refuge somewhere near,' and asked if I knew what a Refuge meant, and I said, 'Din't I!' An' then he stood still, and looked about, and says, 'I've never seen it, and don't know where it is, but I'll take you to the good people who opened it;' and then he went on muttering about devils giving kind folk a deal to undo, which I couldn't make out. He telled me this was the house as we came to the gate, but says he, 'We'll go round the other way, for I'm fittest for back-doors now,' and he laughed out, 'Ha! ha! ha!'"



The bright fire was evidently thawing the lad's frozen wits, for he gave his last words in another tone, in imitation of his strange guide.

"Should you know your father if you saw him?" inquired Ruth.

The boy shook his head. "He's not been nigh us sin' I wor a babby," he said.

"What was this gentleman like?" queried my suspicious sister.

"Tall," answered the boy, "and he had on a cloak."

"Was he young or old?" asked Ruth.

"I dunno, ma'am," staring as if the answer was quite beyond his powers. It was the first time he gave my sister a respectful title. I believe he thought her question showed a high opinion of his faculties, and so honoured her accordingly.

"Was he as old as your mother, do you think?" pursued Ruth, after a moment's reflection.

"Oh, no," said the boy, grinning at the idea, "she was quite an old woman—she allays said so!"

"What was her age?" inquired Ruth, trying to get at the truth by a side-path.

"Thirty-three," replied the lad succinctly.

Ruth glanced at me with elevated eyebrows; this was her first experience of the statistics of a London street-boy.

"When did you have anything to eat?" I asked.

"A baker gaved me a clump o' bread this morning, it was not a right dinner, to say," he answered; "but coming along past the public, the hostler had a half-empty pot, and he telled me I might drink it up. That was good," he added, smacking his lips at the recollection.

O, thou Father of kings and beggars, which thanksgiving makes the sweetest incense before thy throne,—the formal calling upon thy name of one who is discontented with his venison, or the gladness of another who picketh up the coarsest crumbs of Dives's table, and thanketh Thee ignorantly, as do the beasts and birds?

Phillis instantly brought forth a loaf and some cold meat. I am thankful to say, she understood her master sufficiently to do this without asking direct permission.

I resolved to take the lad to the Refuge myself. The McCallums were old inhabitants, of intelligence far superior to Phillis, and they might know some clue whereby to discover the boy's runagate father. I had a faint idea of my own in this matter, a most unreasonable one, inasmuch as it was attached, not to the cognomen "Wilmot," but to the simple name "George," which

my common sense told me might belong to a dozen men in Upper Mallore.

The lad made a considerable supper, without taking long in the process, and then we started off together. Ruth's questions had given him the notion that we took some interest in the stranger who had brought him to us. So as we trudged along he suggested, "Mayhap the gentleman will be about yet."

"Whereabouts did you meet him?" I asked.

"Just here," he answered.

Now at that instant we passed the Great Farm.

We were not long in reaching the Refuge, and Alice promptly admitted us, and led us to her little sitting room on the upper floor. From Ruth's accounts, I knew that she used this chamber as her sleeping apartment, the other being occupied by her grandfather, while the third, by Alice's own wish, was kept for such extra use as might arise from the necessities of the Refuge.

"Grandfather is down-stairs," she explained: "there are two poor men here for the night, and he's in the upper room, talking with them. Shall I fetch him, sir?"

"If you please, Alice," I said; "but you may promise that I shall not keep him long."

The old man soon presented himself, with that cheery face, which must have beamed on the poor refugees like a sudden sunrise after a dreary night. I hastened to inquire if he knew any one in the village called George Wilmot.

Mr. McCallum shook his head.

Alice said "No."

"Do you remember such a name at any time?" I inquired.

Neither of them could. So I called the boy forward, and made him repeat his story.

"Hech, sirs! but it's a waefu', tale," said the good old Scotchman. "I'm thinking the laddie had best bide here the night, and look about you the morn. He'll maybe hae to bide here a wee, sae ye'd best mak' his bed i' the little room, Alie. And if he gae doon stairs, he'll find some warm parritch; and the twa puir callants below are nae sic bad company."

"He's had some supper already," I observed, as the boy seemed disposed to obey with extraordinary alacrity.

"Ou, ay, sir," replied Mr. McCallum; "but a little het parritch canna do him any harm. Let the laddie gae. Ye see, sir," he continued, when we heard the supper-room door close behind the boy, "I wadna

hint a dispareeing thing afore the bairn's face. Let him think o' his father as weel's he can; but, verra-like, if he were George Wilmot when he married, he wasna George Wilmot after he ran awa'. The man that does ae base thing is fit for anither."

"But was it not strange about the gentleman in the lane?" observed Alice, who was engaged at the cupboard, searching for blankets.

"At first, I wondered whether he were the father," I said. "His strange kindness might be the working of remorse."

Mr. McCallum shook his head.

"Differin' natures hae differin' remorsees," he remarked. "A cauld-bluided scoondrel, wha didna ken gif his bairn had starved or no, would be verra unlikely to fash where the lad passed ae nicht. Maist like, sic a one would say to himself—'Gif the laddie's used to it, the wayside's as guid to him as my bedroom to me.' That's the way the deevil comforts his ain while they're his. He doesna trouble them much, till God gets a grip o' them. An' if God had got a grip o' him—bein', as he waur, the father—I dinna think he'd hae left his lang-lost bairn to strangers, e'en to their tender mercies. Maist like, the gentleman is just some pair misguided callant, wha has gotten the wrang bit in his mouth—else why fittest for back-doors, sir?—but hasna travelled the deevil's road lang enouch to like to see ithers gangin' the same gait. Sic a one feels anguishies of remorse—and that's just God's grip, sir."

"But Judas himself felt remorse," I observed, getting into the argument.

"And went and hangit himself," said he; "and sae do mony mair. Gif they would but bide a wee! Why, sir, ye'll nae say Christ's death hadna poo'r to save the puir traitor? Only the misguided creature went and hangit himself."

And so we sat and conversed till George Wilmot came up from his "parritch," and Alice returned from making his bed.

"Now, my boy," I began, "what did your mother say about your father—what did she bid you say when you should see him?"

"She said she was afeared he'd taken her in mighty; but there was no telling," replied the lad; "and if I got to see him, I was to give him this." And he produced a folded paper, dirty and worn, which he handed to me. "Mother took a long whiles a-writin' it," he remarked, "and she used to say perhaps father a-tired of her, because he was a famous scholar. I can't

read what she writ; but may be you will, sir," he added.

I took the letter reverently; for it seemed like a secret between the dead and the living. I paused before I unfolded it; but the boy repeated his request, and, indeed, to peruse it seemed the best way towards fulfilling the deserted woman's wish. This was the contents. I will not translate the strange spelling and bad grammar. They have a pathos with which I dare not meddle.

"MY DERE GEORGE,

"Why did you leve me without a wurd, this is writ to saye that i furgive yu, and hope whe shall meet in Heven, i was not good enuf for yu, but yu dident say so, when yu cam cortin me ovar master's gate, and all the gals grudgin my fortin for yu was a fine gentelman. When yu git this, I am ded and shall not trouble yu never no more. but yu aught luke to your pore boy, wich as bin a good boy to his mother, and fur his sake, i'm niver sorry I maared yu, so don't yu think it. This comes, hopeing yu are well from your luving wife

"MARY WILMOT."

I took a little time to decipher this letter; indeed, my sight failed over it. But when I had done, the boy said simply, "Won't you read it out, sir? She read it to me, she did, and it'll be like hearin' her speak oncet more."

So I read it. And the great rough boy sobbed out loud. God's writing was clear enough upon his heart. I shook hands with him when I came away, but I did not say one word to "deepen the effect" of that letter. As soon would I have interrupted the dead mother had she stood among us in the spirit and spoken to her boy.

Alice conducted me to the door. The moon was shining brightly, and cast its blueness over her face. As she stood on the threshold, she said in a whisper—"Isn't it strange that none of us can recollect a Wilmot in these parts?"

"Not so strange, if your grandfather guesses rightly," I answered.

"His name—you know whose, sir?—was George," she murmured.

I started at this suggestion of my own thought; but reflected in another's mind, I could see its absurdity. So I said, merrily—

"And so is Mr. Smith's the chemist, and Mr. Tozer's the baker. No, no, Alice, it's a bad habit to make out coincidences. It

does no good, for we can't trust them, unless they're based on facts, and if we've got the facts, then we don't want the coincidences. But, by the way, your remark reminds me that I never heard the surname of that unhappy man?"

"It was Roper — George Roper, sir," she answered.

"Thank you — for, considering the interest I feel in Ewen, it was awkward not to know it. But what are these sounds?" — for from the back of the house came a voice singing a spirited song, accompanied by divers notes as from some uncertain and feeble instrument.

Alice laughed — a pleasant, soft laugh — "It's only the two 'refugees' (so we call our pensioners), one is singing and the other is piping with a bit of paper on a comb. They often do it, when they're not over tired with tramping, sir."

I wonder if any rigid Philanthropist would think such doings a breach of "the order and discipline of a charitable institution." I only stood and listened. I have no ear for music, but as I caught the stirring words —

"Hearts of oak are our ships,  
Jolly tars are our men;  
We always are ready,  
Steady, boys! steady!

We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again" —

I was quite satisfied with the performance. Why should we think our kindness best repaid by long faces and dead silence? Is it not unreasonable to forbid a song because we have given a supper? I remembered a great "human naturalist" said it was a happy omen for a country when the beggar was as content with his dish as the lord with his land. Better to keep our charity than to sell it at the price of enjoyment.

"There! that's grandfather gone to them," said Alice.

"He won't stop the song?" I queried.

"Oh, no, sir," she answered; "most likely he'll join in the chorus. He's fond of singing a song himself. But he thinks it's right to go in and out of the room in a friendly way. And when he's told them stories and anecdotes, and talked pleasantly, there's few so hard as to take it unkindly when he gets out the Bible, before going to bed."

I went home with a heart full of pleasant feelings. I had not forgotten my "cards and keepsakes," as Ruth warned me I should. So every time I passed a village

boy, I thought, "Ah, my fine fellow, there's a 'tip' coming for you!" and then the Upper Mallowe boys appeared in my eyes uncommonly nice boys. And it was solemnly sweet to think of true-hearted Mary Wilmot in her London pauper grave — no, not there, but in heaven; for are not our trespasses forgiven, as we forgive those who trespass against us? And it was odd that her boy should come among us like a guest at Christmas time. Have not some "entertained angels unawares?" and in that case, they cannot look as we fancy angels, or they would carry their welcome with them. I don't suppose the lad is any less like an angel, because he knows the price of boy-labour in the docks, and how little one can live upon down Stepney way, and what it is to be hungry and tired — nay, there is One, higher than the angels, who knows all about that, and was a good son to his parents in a carpenter's shop at Nazareth.

But as I entered our house a hearty voice recalled me to the world of snug suppers and warm beds, for Ruth exclaimed, "Here you are at last, Edward. Come to your supper, and don't run all over the world, fancying you are as young as ever!"

## CHAPTER VIII.

### A CHRISTMAS CONFIDENCE.

GEORGE WILMOT was still in the Refuge when Christmas Day came. There was quite a bustle in our house on the Eve. With Mr. Marten's help I got off my presents, a most miscellaneous heap — tea, tobacco, knick-knacks, pictures, cards, and books; the last three items all so pretty that if I had not wished to give them I should have liked to keep them! The Rector was in high spirits, having an invitation to dine next day at a mansion a few miles off, inhabited by an old naval officer and his only daughter, — a fact from which I drew my own inferences. As Ruth could not let this hospitable season pass without a little delicate meddling in culinary matters, a spicy perfume pervaded the parlour, and contributed to the general feeling of festivity and good-will.

Perhaps that was the gayest bit of our Christmas keeping. The day was a quiet one in our house. Even Phillis was away, for Ruth gave her permission to rejoin her own family; and only our new servant, who was a stranger in the village, remained to

wait upon us. We did not venture to invite any guests. It is cruel to allure family-people from their homes at such a season; and so far as we could ascertain, all the single folk of Upper Mallowe were already happily appropriated.

But as we took our places at the breakfast-table, a sound of sweet singing startled the clear morning-air. Looking from the window, we saw the choir-boys of St. Cross standing round our garden-gate. It was no unfamiliar chorale which they sang, but just the dear Christmas hymn, "Hark, the herald angels sing." There are some old tunes which have such an echo in the universal heart that I sometimes fancy we shall use them in our heavenly praises.

When they ceased I went out and thanked the lads, and wished them a merry Christmas. I singled out the leader, and wanted to give him five shillings to divide among the rest. I hope the moralists will not say I was making them mercenary. Whenever I receive a pleasure I long to do something in return. But the boy said, quite sedately, that Mr. Marten told them to do it, because I was doing so much to the village. Now here was a poser! I must accept their gratuitous service because it was grateful. Yet I could not put away the five shillings. A bright thought came.

"Come, my boys," I said, "I thank you very heartily for your remembrance of an old man; and as you have given me such pleasure, I should like others to have as much. Go to the Great Farm, and sing your hymn again, and take these five shillings in consideration of so employing your valuable time." And as I did not wish to argue through any further remonstrance from that sedate elder boy, I ran back to the house, and the young choristers set up a cheer.

Ruth and I went to church, and found it quite gay with holly and laurel; and the whole service, to the very tones of the rector's voice, was of a jubilant character. So Christmas services should be: especially for the sake of those who may have little rejoicing elsewhere. The sermon was very short and very bright, being from that seasonable text in the eighth chapter of Nehemiah, "Go your way, eat the fat, and drink the sweet, and send portions unto them for whom nothing is prepared: for this day is holy unto our Lord; neither be ye sorry, for the joy of the Lord is your strength."

Somehow (I say this in parenthesis), I fancied that Mr. Marten's Christmas visit

was an unexpected happiness to the young man. But he had been less desponding in his views for some time. And God occasionally rewards our efforts by sending a blessing which makes them easier.

Mr. Herbert and his niece were in their pew. Agnes looked as if she had been crying. I think the very gladness of the hymns and sermon tried her. The old people liked it: the acute agonies had died out of their lives, and then joy is as sunshine on an old, well-remembered grave, which one hopes soon to share. But to sorrowful youth it comes like spring sunlight on the face of yesterday's dead. God help the young!

They hurried out of church before us, though they paused to exchange seasonable wishes over the pew-door. But all the McCallums waited for us in the graveyard—the grandfather and Alice perfectly radiant with delight at Ewen's unexpected arrival. The young man himself seemed much more happy and open-hearted for his residence among people who did not suspect and shun him, and was quite eager to deliver the many kind messages he brought me from the good folks in my old house of business. Now, I knew these worthy people would not have sent these messages by him, if they had not liked him. So I augured well for Ewen.

Ruth and I dined very cheerfully together, and afterwards I amused myself by droning over my holiday-books, by which I mean sundry smart volumes of the poets, that I received as school-prizes in those remote ages when I was a boy. Their glories are rather faded now—like mine! Ruth occupied herself with idleness till tea-time—it must have been hard work for her. Afterwards, being incapable of further exertion in that way, I found her seated opposite me, with linen sleeves drawn over her silk ones, and a grand red and blue china bowl before her, busily cutting up candied peels for the New-Year's cake.

"Is not that the maid's duty?" I asked, heedlessly.

"Household affairs are every woman's study," she replied, cutting energetically.

Now, I like to watch an educated woman at domestic work. She makes it beautiful. So I said, "Women are never more pleasing than when so engaged."

"They are never more dignified," returned Ruth.

"Certainly it is their hereditary empire, where they reign undisputed," I remarked.

"If they leave that throne, they may wish for another!" responded my sister.

"Oh, I think in other spheres, they may at least dispute male pre-eminence," I observed.

"Let them, if they like," said Ruth; "the more simpletons in the world, the better for wise people. Let who likes take pride in working out fantastic problems like any common school-boy, there will still remain some sensible women to get dinner and keep house."

"But should women have no mental discipline?" I queried.

"Mental discipline!" she echoed, "the wise woman of the Proverbs got hers through her needlework and housewifery. All the 'ologies' in the world will never make greater women than we have had without them."

"But some women are called out of the shelter of home," I remarked.

"Don't say 'called out,'" answered my sister quickly, "the very duty they owe to home sometimes sends them out. A woman may do out-of-the-way tasks for very womanly reasons" (a touch of pathos in her voice, — then, with a spark of satire), "and it's only foolish men who can't understand that!"

"Certainly, I am sorry that the phrase 'strong-minded,' in itself a compliment, is now perverted to describe women who bring contempt on their sex," I observed.

"I'm afraid a strong mind won't support a woman very far," returned Ruth; "but if she have a strong heart, I'll trust her wherever duty calls her."

"I really do not think brave women cry out for their rights," I said.

"I should think not," answered my sister, indignantly. "Courage does not exaggerate wrongs: cowardice does. Only weak women wish to be placed in rivalry with men; and when men accordingly treat them as they would other rivals, they cry, 'Shame! shame!' and wonder what has become of the ancient chivalry."

"Well, I must say I think them greatly mistaken when they aspire to rule rather than to serve," I remarked.

Ruth smiled peculiarly: "Christ set the fashion of ruling by service," she answered; "'ICH DIEN,' is a royal motto."

And that set me thinking. Certainly in this present, I defer to my sister, and would do anything to gratify her wishes. I am master of the house and the cash-box, yet I like best to hold my dominion as her viceroy. And why? Because I remember how she has toiled for me; how in the old

past she may have sacrificed for my sake far more than I can ever know till all secrets be revealed in heaven. And, oh, when we remember that there all the secrets of holy lives will be made known, we can well understand the perfect love that shall reign among glorified spirits. But that bright picture has also a terrible reverse.

As I looked at Ruth, cutting her candied peel, it struck me that a self-sacrificing life seems an elixir of true youth. I wish more women would try it. I am sure they would find it answer far better than their balms and kalydors.

"I think you would have made an uncommonly good wife, Ruth," I said presently.

"A new discovery, eh, Edward?" — this very drily.

"Well, — you know, — I used to think that as you were such a clever woman of business, perhaps" —

"So long as men think idiots make the best wives, I hope they'll get them," she retorted. "It's a pity you didn't try the experiment yourself."

And there was silence till Ruth finished her peels, put aside the red and blue bowl, and folded her hands on her lap.

"Well, my sister, we have had a happy Christmas Day," I said softly.

"Yes," she answered, with a nod, "we've done with merry ones."

"We've got their memory still," I suggested.

"And don't we remember them well!" she said, eagerly. "I can forget fifty years in a minute, and fancy that we're again at the little parties in the Clockhouse. Half the year we expected those parties, and the other half we talked them over. Boys and girls don't get so much good out of their pleasure now-a-days."

"How few who shared those festivities remain within our reach!" I sighed. "Did you go to those parties long after I left home, Ruth?"

"Never," she answered.

"Why, how was that?" I asked.

"I had grown an old woman," she said, gazing into the fire.

"What! at eighteen?" — I queried.

"Yes, at eighteen," she replied, turning to me with a strange smile.

Would I ask any more questions? No. I would as soon startle a sanctuary by noisy importunities. If my sister chose, I could wait for more perfect knowledge of her till our angels stood side by side in a safer home.



"Do you remember the Carewes?" she inquired presently.

"What, the girl with golden locks and the boy with a red shock head, who used to play the piano?" I said.

"I suppose you mean the right pair," she answered; "but Richard Carewe's hair was auburn, not red, and his sister's curls were more like tinsel than gold."

"I remember her. Like all the village boys, I thought her very pretty; but, as I recall her beauty now, I think it was meretricious, like half-spoiled false jewelry. She was no favourite of yours, I recollect. What has put her in your head?"

"Simply because I see by her gravestone at St. Cross that she was our Mr. Herbert's mother," replied Ruth.

"And did you never hear of her marriage," I asked, "when Upper and Lower Mallowe lie so close together?"

"Laura Carewe's friends were not mine," said Ruth. "How such a shallow and selfish girl was her brother's sister, I could never understand."

"And what became of Richard?" I inquired.

"Richard died," said Ruth, quietly; "he died in London on the very day you entered it."

"Dear me!" I said, somehow awed by my sister's tone. "He was a sort of genius, was he not?"

"He was a genius," returned Ruth. "I have no ear for music — no more than you have, Edward, and you know what that means — but he could make me cry the moment he touched the keys."

"I suppose he went to London to try his fortune," I observed.

"Yes," said Ruth; and of course he was unfortunate at first, like everybody else. And it is not in the purest or pleasantest places that musicians often begin their career. And there was wild blood in those Carewes. And Richard got into trouble, and was put into the debtors' prison. Laura was older than he: they were orphans, and their father had willed that all the little family property should go to purchase an annuity for her. But she never went near her brother in his cell, only made sentimental suffering for herself out of his misery. And at last, his creditor was kinder than his sister, and Richard got his liberty; but only to die on a doorstep, Edward — only to die on a doorstep, in the broad light of the sun!"

"But his misfortunes came out of his faults, Ruth," I said very gently, for I quite

understood the solemn monotony of her voice.

"I know they did," she answered; "but if God sent all our faults the misfortunes which they merit, where should we be? And so little might have saved him!"

"There seemed a something familiar in Agnes' face the moment I saw her," added Ruth presently. "I can understand it now. She is Laura Carewe's grand-daughter, but she has Richard Carewe's eyes."

"Did Laura have other children besides our Mr. Herbert and Agnes' father?" I asked.

"I have only heard of those; but she may have had others for aught I know," said Ruth.

And there followed a long, long silence. This, then, was my sister's romance. She would never say so — never do more than tell the common-place story in simple words and solemn tones, — perhaps she had never done so much before. And yet what a new light it shed on all her character! I glanced at her, and it seemed that I must have been blind not to have seen some such history written in her face.

"Was Richard buried in London?" I asked at last.

"Yes," she answered, "and God only knows where! I humbled myself to inquire of Laura, but she could not tell — only she said it was some pauper burial-ground, and she went into hysterics at the idea!"

My proud, patient sister! It was a bitter memory of first love — the fiery, wasted genius in a beggar's grave. How sadly different from mine — that innocent, holy girl, laid with reverent affection in the tomb of her fathers! And so I am happy in the knowledge that those who sleep with Jesus reign with Him in glory, while Ruth takes heart, remembering who said to the dying thief, "This day thou shalt be with me in paradise." Verily God plants some comfort in every soil.

"This has been quite a Christmas talk," exclaimed Ruth, rousing herself, with a dim smile.

"My poor dear sister!" I said, laying my hand upon hers.

She shook it off as if it pained her. "What's the matter with you?" she asked, starting from her seat her old, erect self. "I daresay you want your supper. I'll go and see after it."

And when she returned, the history had vanished from her face, and the whole conversation seemed like a dream!

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

## CASTELLO.

CASTELLO had now become a very dreary abode. Lord and Lady Culduff had taken their departure for Paris. Temple had gone up to town to try and manage an exchange, if by good luck any one could be found to believe that Bogotà was a desirable residence, and a fine field for budding diplomacies; and none remained but Nelly and Augustus to relieve each other in watches beside their father's sick-bed.

Young and little experienced in life as she was, Nelly proved a great comfort and support to her brother in these trying hours. At first he told her nothing of the doubts and fears that beset him. In fact they had assumed no shape sufficiently palpable to convey.

It was his daily custom to go over the letters that each morning brought, and in a few words—the very fewest he could employ—acquaint Mr. Underwood, the junior partner, of his father's precarious state, and protest against being able in the slightest degree to offer any views or guidance as to the conduct of matters of business. These would now and then bring replies in a tone that showed how little Underwood himself was acquainted with many of the transactions of the house, and how completely he was accustomed to submit himself to Colonel Bramleigh's guidance. Even in his affected retirement from business Bramleigh had not withdrawn from the direction of the weightiest of the matters which regarded the firm, and jealously refused any—the slightest—attempt of his partner to influence his judgment.

One of Underwood's letters completely puzzled Augustus: not only by the obscurity of its wording, but by the evident trace in it of the writer's own inability to explain his meaning. There was a passage which ran thus:—"Mr. Sedley was down again, and this time the amount is two thousand five hundred, and though I begged he would give me time to communicate with you before honouring so weighty a draft, he replied—I take pains to record his exact words:—'There is no time for this; I shall think myself very fortunate, and deem Colonel Bramleigh more fortunate still, if I am not forced to call upon you for four times as much within a fortnight.'" After referring to other matters, there was this at the end of the letter,—"S—has just repaid the amount he so lately drew in the bank;—he appeared chagrined and out of

spirits, merely saying, 'Tell the Colonel the negotiation has broke down, and that I will write to-morrow.'"

The promised letter from Sedley had not come, but in its place was a telegram, saying, "I find I must see and speak with you; I shall go over by Saturday, and be with you on Sunday morning."

"Of course he cannot see papa," said Nelly; "the doctor more strongly than ever insists on perfect repose."

"And it's little worth his while to make the journey to see me," said he dispiritedly.

"Perhaps he only wants your sanction, your concurrence, to something he thinks it wise to do,—who knows?"

"Just so, Nelly; who knows? All these weighty speculations entered into to convert thousands into tens of thousands have no sympathy of mine. I see no object in such wealth. The accumulation of what never spares one a moment for its enjoyment, seems to me as foolish as the man who would pass his life scaling a mountain to obtain a view, and drop down of fatigue before he had once enjoyed it. You and I, I take it, would be satisfied with far humbler fortune?"

"You and I, Gusty," said she, laughingly, "are the ignoble members of this family."

"Then here comes another difficulty; Sedley will at once see that I have not shared my father's confidence, and he will be very cautious about telling me of matters which have not been entrusted to me already."

"Perhaps we are only worrying ourselves for nothing, Gusty. Perhaps there are no secrets after all; or at worst, only those trade secrets which are great mysteries in the counting-house, but have no interest for any not deep in speculation."

"If I only thought so!"

"Have you sufficient confidence in Mr. Cutbill to take him into your counsel? he will be back here to-morrow."

"Scarcely, Nelly. I do not exactly distrust,—but I can't say that I like him."

"I hated him at first, but either I have got used to his vulgarity, or I fancy that he is really good-natured, or, from whatever the cause, I incline to like him better than when he came, and certainly he behaved well to poor Jack."

"Ah, there's another trouble that I have not thought of. Jack, who does not appear to know how ill my poor father is, asks if he could not be induced to write to—somebody,—I forget whom, in his behalf. In fact, Nelly, there is not a corner without its special difficulty, and I verily believe there

never was a man less made to meet them than myself."

"I'll take as much of the load as I have strength for," said she, quietly.

"I know that; I know it well, Nelly. I can scarcely say what I'd do without you now. Here comes the doctor. I'm very anxious to hear what he'll say this evening."

Belton had made a long visit to the sick-room, and his look was graver than usual as he came down the stairs. "His head is full of business; he will give his brain no respite," said he; "but for that, I'd not call his case hopeless. Would it not be possible to let him suppose that all the important matters which weigh upon him were in safe hands and in good guidance?"

Augustus shook his head doubtfully.

"At least could he not be persuaded to suffer some one — yourself, for instance — to take the control of such affairs as require prompt action till such time as he may be able to resume their management himself?"

"I doubt it, doctor; I doubt it much. Men who, like my father, have had to deal with vast and weighty interests, grow to feel that inexperienced people — of my own stamp, for instance — are but sorry substitutes in time of difficulty; and I have more than once heard him say, 'I'd rather lash the tiller and go below, than give over the helm to a bad steersman.'"

"I would begin," continued the doctor, "by forbidding him all access to his letters. You must have seen how nervous and excited he becomes as the hour of the post draws nigh. I think I shall take this responsibility on myself."

"I wish you would."

"He has given me in some degree the opportunity, for he has already asked when he might have strength enough to dictate a letter, and I have replied that I would be guided by the state in which I may find him to-morrow for the answer. My impression is that what he calls a letter is in reality a will. Are you aware whether he has yet made one?"

"I know nothing, absolutely nothing, of my father's affairs."

"The next twelve hours will decide much," said the doctor, as he moved away, and Augustus sat pondering alone over what he had said, and trying to work out in his mind whether his father's secrets involved any thing deeper and more serious than the complications of business and the knotty combinations of weighty affairs.

Wearied out — for he had been up the greater part of the night — and fatigued, he

fell off at last into a heavy sleep, from which he was awoke by Nelly, who, gently leaning on his shoulder, whispered, "Mr. Sedley has come, Gust; he is at supper in the oak-parlour. I told him I thought you had gone to lie down for an hour, for I knew you were tired."

"No, not tired, Nelly," said he, arousing himself, half-ashamed of being caught asleep. "I came in here to think, and I believe I dropped into a doze. What is he like, this Mr. Sedley? What manner of man is he?"

"He is small and grey, with a slight stoop, and a formal sort of manner. I don't like him. I mean his manner checked and repelled me, and I was glad to get away from him."

"My father thinks highly of his integrity, I know."

"Yes, I am aware of that. He is an excellent person, I believe; rather non-attractive."

"Well," said he, with a half-sigh, "I'll go and see whether my impression of him be the same as yours. Will you come in, Nelly?"

"Not unless you particularly wish it," said she, gravely.

"No; I make no point of it, Nelly. I'll see you again by-and-by."

Augustus found Mr. Sedley over his wine. He had despatched a hasty meal, and was engaged looking over a mass of papers and letters with which a black leather-bag at his side seemed to be filled. After a few words of greeting, received by the visitor with a formal politeness, Augustus proceeded to explain how his father's state precluded all questions of business, and that the injunctions of the doctor were positive on this head.

"His mind is clear, however, isn't it?" asked Sedley.

"Perfectly. He has never wandered, except in the few moments after sleep."

"I take it, I shall be permitted to see him?"

"Certainly; if the doctor makes no objection, you shall."

"And possibly, too, I may be allowed to ask him a question or two? Matters which I know he will be well prepared to answer me."

"I am not so confident about that. Within the last hour Doctor Belton has declared perfect quiet, perfect repose, to be of the utmost importance to my father."

"Is it not possible, Mr. Bramleigh, that I may be able to contribute to this state by

setting your father's mind at rest, with reference to what may press very heavily on him?"

"That is more than I can answer," said Augustus, cautiously.

"Well," said Sedley, pushing back his chair from the table, "if I am not permitted to see Colonel Bramleigh, I shall have made this journey for nothing — without, sir, that you will accede to occupy your father's position, and give your sanction to a line of action?"

"You know my father, Mr. Sedley, and I need not tell you how so presumptuous a step on my part might be resented by him."

"Under ordinary circumstances I am sure he would resent such interference, but here, in the present critical emergency, he might feel — and not without reason, perhaps, — displeased at your want of decision."

"But when I tell you, Mr. Sedley, that I know nothing of business, that I know no more of the share list than I do of Sanscrit, that I never followed the rise and fall of the funds, and am as ignorant of what influences the exchanges as I am of what affects the tides; when I have told you all this, you will, I am sure, see that any opinion of mine must be utterly valueless."

"I don't exactly know, Mr. Bramleigh, that I'd have selected you if I wanted a guide to a great speculation or a large investment; but the business which has brought me down here is not of this nature. It is besides a question as to which, in the common course of events, you might be obliged to determine what line you would adopt. After your father, you are the head of this family, and I think it is time you should learn that you may be called upon to-morrow or next day to defend your right, not only to your property, but to your name."

"For heaven's sake, what do you mean?"

"Be calm, sir, and grant me a patient hearing, and you shall hear the subject on which I have come to obtain your father's opinion, and failing that, yours — for, as I have said, Mr. Bramleigh, a day or two more may make the case one for your own decision. And now, without entering into the history of the affair, I will simply say that an old claim against your father's entailed estates has been recently revived, and under circumstances of increased importance; that I have been for some time back in negotiation to arrange this matter by a compromise, and with every hope of

success; but that the negotiations have been unexpectedly broken off by the demands of the claimant — demands so far above all calculation, and indeed I may say above all fairness — that I have come over to ask whether your father will accede to them or accept the issue of the law as to his right."

Augustus sat like one stunned by a heavy blow, not utterly unconscious, but so much overcome and so confused that he could not venture to utter a word.

"I see I have shocked you by my news, Mr. Bramleigh, but these are things not to be told by halves."

"I know nothing of all this; I never so much as heard of it," gasped out Augustus. "Tell me all that you know about it."

"That would be a somewhat long story," said the other, smiling, "but I can, in a short space, tell you enough to put the main facts before you, and enable you to see that the case is, with all its difficulties of proof, a very weighty and serious one, and not to be dismissed, as your father once opined, as the mere menace of a needy adventurer."

With as much brevity as the narrative permitted, Sedley told the story of Pracontal's claim. It was, he said, an old demand revived; but under circumstances that showed that the claimant had won over adherents to his cause, and that some men with means to bring the case to trial had espoused his side. Pracontal's father, added he, was easily dealt with; he was a vulgar fellow, of dissipated habits and wasteful ways; but his taste for plot and intrigue — very serious conspiracies too at times — had so much involved him that he was seldom able to show himself, and could only resort to letter-writing to press his demands. In fact, it was always his lot to be in hiding on this charge or that, and the police of half Europe were eager in pursuit of him. With a man so deeply compromised, almost outlawed over the whole Continent, it was not difficult to treat, and it happened more than once that he was for years without any thing being heard of him; and, in fact, it was clear that he only preferred his claim as a means of raising a little money, when all other means of obtaining supplies had failed him. At last, news of his death arrived — he died at Monte Video — and it was believed that he had never married, and consequently that his claim, if it deserved such a name, died with him. It was only three years ago, that the demand was revived, and this man, M. Anotole Pracontal as he called himself,

using his maternal name, appeared in the field as the rightful owner of the Bramleigh estates.

"Now this man is a very different sort of person from his father. He has been well educated, mixed much with the world, and has the manners and bearing of a gentleman. I have not been able to learn much of his career; but I know that he served as a lieutenant in a French hussar regiment, and subsequently held some sort of employment in Egypt. He has never stooped to employ threat or menace, but frankly appealed to the law to establish his claim, and his solicitor, Kelson, of Furnival's Inn, is one of the most respectable men in the profession."

"You have seen this Monsieur Pracontal yourself?"

"Yes. By a strange accident, I met him at your brother's, Captain Bramleigh's, breakfast-table. They had been fellow-travellers, without the slightest suspicion on either side how eventful such a meeting might be. Your brother, of course, could know nothing of Pracontal's pretensions; but Pracontal, when he came to know with whom he had been travelling, must have questioned himself closely as to what might have dropped from him inadvertently."

Augustus leaned his head on his hand in deep thought, and for several minutes was silent. At last he said, — "Give me your own opinion, Mr. Sedley — I don't mean your opinion as a lawyer, relying on nice technical questions or minute points of law, but simply your judgment as a man of sound sense, and, above all, of such integrity as I know you to possess — and tell me what do you think of this claim? Is it — in one word, is it founded on right?"

"You are asking too much of me, Mr. Bramleigh. First of all, you ask me to disassociate myself from all the habits and instincts of my daily life, and give you an opinion on a matter of law, based on other rules of evidence than those which alone I suffer myself to be guided by. I only recognize one kind of right, that which the law declares and decrees."

"Is there not such a thing as a moral right?"

"There may be; but we are disputatious enough in this world, with all our artificial aids to some fixity of judgment, and for heaven's sake let us not soar up to the realms of morality for our decisions, or we shall bid adieu to agreement for ever."

"I'm not of your mind there, sir. I think it is quite possible to conceive a case in which there could be no doubt on which

side lay the right, and not difficult to believe that there are men who would act, on conviction, to their own certain detriment."

"It's a very hopeful view of humanity, Mr. Bramleigh," said the lawyer, and he took a pinch of snuff.

"I am certain it is a just one. At least, I will go this far to sustain my opinion. I will declare to you here, that if the time should ever come that it may depend upon me to decide this matter, if I satisfy my mind that M. Pracontal's claim be just and equitable — that, in fact, he is simply asking for his own — I'll not screen myself behind the law's delays or its niceties; I'll not make it a question of the longest purse or the ablest advocate, but frankly admit that the property is his, and cede it to him."

"I have only one remark to make, Mr. Bramleigh, which is, Keep this determination strictly to yourself, and, above all things, do not acquaint Colonel Bramleigh with these opinions."

"I suspect that my father is not a stranger to them," said Augustus, reddening with shame and irritation together.

"It is therefore as well, sir, that there is no question of a compromise to lay before you. You are for strict justice and no favour."

"I repeat, Mr. Sedley, I am for him who has the right."

"So am I," quickly responded Sedley; "and we alone differ about the meaning of that word; but let me ask another question. Are you aware that this claim extends to nearly everything you have in the world: that the interest alone on the debt would certainly swallow up all your funded property, and make a great inroad besides on your securities and foreign bonds?"

"I can well believe it," said the other, mournfully.

"I must say, sir," said Sedley, as he rose and proceeded to thrust the papers hurriedly into his bag, "that though I am highly impressed — very highly impressed, indeed, with the noble sentiments you have delivered on this occasion — sentiments, I am bound to admit, that a long professional career has never made me acquainted with till this day — yet, on the whole, Mr. Bramleigh, looking at the question with a view to its remote consequences, and speculating on what would result if such opinions as yours were to meet a general acceptance, I am bound to say I prefer the verdict of twelve men in a jury-box to the most impartial judgment of any individual breathing; and I wish you a very good-night."

What Mr. Sedley muttered to himself as



he ascended the stairs, in what spirit he canvassed the character of Mr. Augustus Bramleigh, the reader need not know; and it is fully as well that our story does not require it should be recorded. One only remark, however, may be preserved: it was said as he reached the door of his room, and apparently in a sort of summing up of all that had occurred to him, — "These creatures, with their cant about conscience, don't seem to know that this mischievous folly would unsettle half the estates in the island; and there's not a man in England would know what he was born to till he had got his father in a madhouse."

## CHAPTER XXIX.

## THE HÔTEL BRISTOL.

In a handsome apartment of the Hôtel Bristol at Paris sat Lord and Lady Culduff, at tea. They were in deep mourning; and though they were perfectly alone, the room was splendidly lighted, — branches of candles figuring on every console, and the glass lustre that hung from the ceiling a blaze of waxlights.

If Lord Culduff looked older and more careworn than we have lately seen him, Marion seemed in higher bloom and beauty, and the haughty, half-defiant air which had, in a measure, spoiled the charm of her girlhood, sat with a sort of dignity on her features as a woman.

Not a word was spoken on either side; and from her look of intense preoccupation, as she sat gazing on the broad hem of her handkerchief, it was evident that her thoughts were wandering far away from the place she was in. As they sat thus, the door was noiselessly opened by a servant in deep black, who, in a very subdued voice, said, "The Duke de Castro, your Excellency."

"I don't receive," was the cold reply, and the man withdrew. In about a quarter of an hour after he reappeared, and in the same stealthy tone said, "Madame la Comtesse de Renneville begs she may have the honour" —

"Lady Culduff does not receive," said his lordship sternly.

"The countess has been very kind; she has been here to inquire after me several times."

"She is a woman of intense curiosity," said he slowly.

"I'd have said of great good nature."

"And you'd have said perfectly wrong,

madam. The woman is a political 'intriguante,' who only lives to unravel mysteries; and the one that is now puzzling her is too much for her good manners."

"I declare, my lord, that I do not follow you."

"I'm quite sure of that, madam. The sort of address Madame de Renneville boasts was not a quality that your life in Ireland was likely to make you familiar with."

"I'd beg you to remember, my lord," said she, angrily, "that all my experiences of the world have not been derived from that side of the Channel."

"I'm cruel enough to say, madam, that I wish they had! There is nothing so difficult as unlearning."

"I wish, my lord — I heartily wish — that you had made this discovery earlier."

"Madam," said he, slowly, and with much solemnity of manner, "I owe it to each of us to own that I had made what you are pleased to call this 'discovery' while there was yet time to obviate its consequences. My very great admiration had not blinded me as to certain peculiarities, let me call them, of manner; and if my vanity induced me to believe that I should be able to correct them, it is my only error."

"I protest, my lord, if my temper sustain me under such insult as this, I think I might be acquitted of ill-breeding."

"I live in the hope, madam, that such a charge would be impossible."

"I suppose you mean," said she, with a sneering smile, "when I have taken more lessons, — when I have completed the course of instruction you so courteously began with me yesterday?"

"Precisely, madam, precisely. There are no heaven-born courtiers. The graces of manner are as much matter of acquirement as are the notes in music. A delicate organization has the same disadvantage in the one case that a fine ear has in the other. It substitutes an aptitude for what ought to be pure acquirement. The people who are naturally well-mannered are like the people who sing by ear; and I need not say what an infliction are either."

"And you really think, my lord, that I may yet be able to enter a room and leave it with becoming grace and dignity?"

"You enter a room well, madam," said he, with a judicial slowness. "Now that you have subdued the triumphant air I objected to and assumed more quietness, — the blended softness with reserve, — your approach is good, I should say, extremely

good. To withdraw is, however, far more difficult. To throw into the deference of leave-taking, — for it is always a permission you seem to ask, — the tempered sorrow of departure with the sense of tasted enjoyment, to do this with ease and with elegance, and not a touch of the dramatic about it, is a very high success; and I grieve to say, madam," added he, seriously, "it is a success not yet accorded you. Would you do me the great favour to repeat our lesson of this morning — I mean the curtsy with the two steps retiring, and then the slide?"

"If you do not think me well-mannered, my lord, you must at least believe me very good-tempered," said she, flushing.

"Let me assure you, my lady, that to the latter quality I attach no importance whatever. Persons who respect themselves never visit peculiarities of temperament on others. We have our infirmities of nature, as we have our maladies; but we keep them for ourselves, or for our doctor. It is the triumph of the well-bred world to need nothing but good manners."

"What charming people. I take it that heaven must be peopled with lords-in-waiting."

"Let me observe to your ladyship that there is no greater enormity in manners than an epigram. Keep this smartness for correspondence exclusively, abstain from it strictly in conversation."

"I protest, my lord, your lessons come so thick that I despair of being able to profit by half of them. Meanwhile, if I am not committing another solecism against good manners, I should like to say good-night."

Lord Culduff arose and walked to the door, to be ready to open it as she approached. Meanwhile, she busied herself collecting her fan and her scent-bottle and her handkerchief, and a book she had been reading.

"Hain't Virginie better come for these things?" said he, quietly.

"Oh, certainly," replied she, dropping them hurriedly on the table; "I'm always transgressing; but I do hope, my lord, with time, and with that sincere desire to learn that animates me, I may yet attain to at least so many of the habits of your lordship's order as may enable me to escape censure."

He smiled and bowed a courteous concurrence with the wish, but did not speak. Though her lip now trembled with indignation, and her cheek was flushed, she controlled her temper, and as she drew nigh the door dropped a low and most respectful courtesy.

"Very nice, very nice, indeed; a thought, perhaps, too formal, — I mean for the occasion, — but in admirable taste. Your ladyship is grace itself."

"My lord, you are a model of courtesy."

"I cannot even attempt to convey what pleasure your words give me," said he, pressing her hand to his heart and bowing low. Meanwhile, with a darkening brow and a look of haughty defiance, she swept past him and left the room.

"Isn't Marion well?" said Temple Bramleigh, as he entered a few minutes later; her maid told me she had gone to her room."

"Quite well: a little fagged, perhaps, by a day of visiting; nothing beyond that. You have been dining at the Embassy? Whom had you there?"

"A family party and a few of the smaller diplomacies."

"To be sure. It was Friday. Any news stirring?"

"Nothing whatever."

"Does Bartleton talk of retiring still?"

"Yes. He says he is sick of sending in his demand for retirement. That they always say, 'We can't spare you; you must hold on a little longer. If you go out now, there's Bailey and Hammersmith, and half-a-dozen others will come insisting on advancement.'"

"Didn't he say Culduff too? eh, didn't he?" said the old lord, with a wicked twinkle of the eye.

"I'm not sure he didn't," said Temple, blushing.

"He did, sir, and he said more — he said, 'Rather than see Culduff here, I'd stay on and serve these twenty years.'"

"I didn't hear him say that, certainly."

"No, sir, perhaps not, but he said it to himself, as sure as I stand here. There isn't a country in Europe — I say it advisedly — where intellect — I mean superior intellect — is so persistently persecuted as in England. I don't want my enemy to have any heavier misfortune than to be born a man of brains and a Briton! Once that it's known that you stand above your fellow-men, the whole world is arrayed against you. Who knows that better than he who now speaks to you? Have I ever been forgiven the Erzeroum convention? Even George Canning — from whom one might have expected better — even he used to say, 'How well Culduff managed that commercial treaty with the Hanse Towns:' he never got over it, sir, never! You are a young fellow entering into life — let me give you a word of counsel. Always be inferior to the man you are, for the time being, in contact with. Outbid him, out-

jockey him, overreach him, but never forget to make him believe he knows more of the game than you do. If you have any success over him, ascribe it to 'luck' mere 'luck.' The most envious of men will forgive 'luck,' all the more if they despise the fellow who has profited by it. Therefore, I say, if the intellectual standard of your rival is only four feet, take care that with your tallest heels on, you don't stand above three feet eleven! No harm if only three ten and a half."

The little applauding ha! ha! ha! with which his lordship ended, was faintly chorussed by the secretary.

"And what is your news from home; you've had letters, haven't you?"

"Yes. Augustus writes me in great confusion. They have not found the will, and they begin to fear that the very informal scrap of paper I already mentioned is all that represents one."

"What! do you mean that memorandum stating that your father bequeathed all he had to Augustus, and trusted he would make a suitable provision for his brothers and sisters?"

"Yes; that is all that has been found. Augustus says in his last letter, my poor father would seem to have been most painfully affected for some time back by a claim put forward to the title of all his landed property, by a person assuming to be the heir of my grandfather, and this claim is actually about to be asserted at law. The weight of this charge and all its consequent publicity and exposure appear to have crushed him for some months before his death, and he had made great efforts to effect a compromise."

A long, low, plaintive whistle from Lord Cuduff arrested Temple's speech, and for a few seconds there was a dead silence in the room.

"This, then, would have left you all ruined — eh?" asked Cuduff, after a pause.

"I don't exactly see to what extent we should have been liable, — whether only the estates property, or also all funded monies."

"Everything; every stick and stone; every scrip and debenture, you may swear. The rental of the estates for years back would have to be accounted for — with interest."

"Sedley does not say so," said Temple, in a tone of considerable irritation.

"These fellows never do; they always imply there is a game to be played, an issue to be waited for, else their occupation were gone. How much of all this story was known to your sister Marion?"

"Nothing. Neither she nor any of us ever suspected it."

"It's always the same thing," said the viscount, as he arose and settled his wig before the glass. "The same episode goes on repeating itself forever. These trade fortunes are just card-houses; they are raised in a night, and blown away in the morning."

"You forget, my lord, that my father inherited an entailed estate."

"Which turns out not to have been his," replied he, with a grin.

"You are going too fast, my lord, faster than judge and jury. Sedley never took a very serious view of this claim, and he only concurred in the attempt to compromise it out of deference to my father's dislike to public scandal."

"And a very wise antipathy it was, I must say. No gentleman ever consulted his self-respect by inviting the world to criticize his private affairs. And how does this pleasing incident stand now? In which act of the drama are we at this moment? Is there an action at law or are we in the stage of compromise?"

"This is what Augustus says," said Temple, taking the letter from his pocket and reading: "'Sedley thinks that a handsome offer of a sum down, — say twenty thousand pounds, — might possibly be accepted; but to meet this would require a united effort by all of us. Would Lord Cuduff be disposed to accept his share in this liability? Would he, I mean, be willing to devote a portion of Marion's fortune to this object, seeing that he is now one of us? I have engaged Cutbill to go over to Paris and confer with him, and he will probably arrive there by Tuesday. Nelly has placed at my disposal the only sum over which she has exclusive control, — it is but two thousand pounds. As for Jack, matters have gone very ill with him, and rather than accept a court-martial, he has thrown up his commission and left the service. We are expecting him here to-night, but only to say good-by, as he sails for China on Thursday.'"

Lord Cuduff walked quietly towards the chimney-piece as Temple concluded, and took up a small tobacco-box of chased silver, from which he proceeded to manufacture a cigarette — a process on which he displayed considerable skill and patience; having lighted which, and taken a couple of puffs, he said, "You'll have to go to Bogotà, Temple, that's clear."

"Go to Bogotà! I declare I don't see why."

"Yes; you'll have to go; every man has to take his turn of some objectionable post,

his Gaboon and yellow-fever days. I myself passed a year at Stuttgart. The Bramleighs are now events of the past. There's no use in fighting against these things. They were, and they are not, that's the whole story. It's very hard on every one, especially hard upon me. Reverses in life sit easily enough on the class that furnishes adventurers, but in my condition there are no adventurers. You and others like you descend to the ranks, and nobody thinks the worse of you. We,—we cannot! that's the pull you have. We are born with our epaulettes, and we must wear them till we die."

"It does not seem a very logical consequence, notwithstanding, to me, that because my brother may have to defend his title to his estate, that I must accept a post that is highly distasteful to me."

"And yet it is the direct consequence. Will you do me the favour to touch that bell. I should like some claret-cup. The fact is, we all of us take too little out of our prosperity! Where we err is, we experiment on good fortune: now we shouldn't do that, we should realize. You for instance ought to have made your 'running' while your father was entertaining all the world in Belgravia. The people couldn't have ignored you, and dined with him; at least, you need not have let them."

"So that your lordship already looks upon us, as by-gones, as things of the past?"

"I am forced to take this very disagreeable view. Will you try that cup? it is scarcely iced enough for my liking. Have you remarked that they never make cup properly in a hotel? The clubs alone have the secret."

"I suppose you will confer with Cutbill before you return an answer to Augustus?" said Temple stiffly.

"I may—that is, I may listen to what that very plausible but not very polished individual has to say, before I frame the exact terms of my reply. We are all of us, so to say, *dans les mauvais draps*. You are going where you hate to go, and I, who really should have had no share in this general disaster, have taken my ticket in the lottery when the last prize has just been paid over the counter."

"It is very hard on you indeed," said the other scornfully.

"Nothing less than your sympathy would make it endurable," and as he spoke he lighted a bed-room candle and moved towards the door. "Don't tell them at F. O. that you are going out unwillingly, or they'll keep you there. Trust to some irregularity

when you are there, to get recalled, and be injured. If a man can only be injured and brought before the House, it's worth ten years' active service to him. The first time I was injured I was made secretary of embassy. The second gave me my K. C. B., and I look to my next misfortune for the Grand Cross. Good-by. Don't take the yellow-fever, don't marry a squaw." And with a graceful move of the hand he motioned an adieu, and disappeared.

## CHAPTER XXX.

### ON THE ROAD.

L'ESTRANGE and his sister were on their way to Italy. The curate had been appointed to the church at Albano, and he was proceeding to his destination with as much happiness as is permitted to a man who, with a very humble opinion of himself, feels called on to assume a position of some importance.

Wishing, partly from motives of enjoyment, partly from economy, to avoid the route most frequented by travellers, they had taken the road through Zurich and the valley of the upper Rhine, and had now reached the little village of Dornbirn in the Vorarlberg—a spot of singular beauty, in the midst of a completely pastoral country. High mountains, snow-capped above, pine-clad lower down, descended by grassy slopes into rich pasture-lands, traversed by innumerable streams, and dotted over with those cottages of framed wood, which, with their ornamented gables and quaint galleries, are the most picturesque peasant-houses in existence. Beautiful cattle covered the hills, their tinkling bells ringing out in the clear air, and blending their tones with the ceaseless flow of falling water, imparting just that amount of sound that relieved the solemn character of the scene, and gave it vitality.

Day after day found our two travellers still lingering here. There was a charm in the spot, which each felt, without confessing it to the other, and it was already the fourth evening of their sojourn as they were sitting by the side of a little rivulet, watching the dipping flies along the stream, that Julia said, suddenly,—

"You'd like to live your life here, George; isn't that so?"

"What makes you think so, Julia?" said he, colouring slightly as he spoke.

"First tell me if I have not read you aright? You like this quiet dreamy landscape. You want no other changes than in

the varying effects of cloud, and shadow, and mist; and you'd like to think this a little haven against the storms and shipwrecks of life?"

"And if I really did think all this, would my choice of an existence be a very bad one, Julia?"

"No. Not if one could ensure the same frame of mind in which first he tasted the enjoyment. I, for instance, like what is called the world very much. I like society, life, and gaiety. I like the attentions, I like the flatteries one meets with, but if I could be always as happy, always as tranquil as we have felt since we came here, I'd be quite willing to sign a bond to live and die here."

"So that you mean our present enjoyment of the place could not last?"

"I am sure it could not. I am sure a great deal of the pleasure we now feel is in the relief of escaping from the turmoil and bustle of a world that we don't belong to. The first sense of this relief is repose, the next would be ennui."

"I don't agree with you, Julia. There is a calm acceptance of a humble lot in life, quite apart from ennui."

"Don't believe it. There is no such philosophy. A great part of your happiness here is in the fact that you can afford to live here. Oh, hold up your hands, and be horrified. It is very shocking to have a sister who will say such vulgar things, but I watched you, George, after you paid the bill this morning, and I marked the delighted smile in which you pointed out some effect of light on the 'Sentis,' and I said to myself, 'It is the landlord has touched up the landscape.'"

"I declare, Julia, you make me angry. Why will you say such things?"

"Why are we so poor, George? Tell me that, brother mine. Why are we so poor?"

"There are hundreds as poor; thousands poorer."

"Perhaps they don't care, don't fret about it, don't dwell on all the things they are debarred from, don't want this or that appliance to make life easier. Now look there, what a difference in one's existence to travel that way."

As she spoke, she pointed to a travelling carriage which swept over the bridge, with all the speed of four posters, and, with all the clatter of cracking whips and sounding horns, made for the inn of the village.

"How few travel with post now, in these days of railroad," said he, not sorry to turn the conversation into another channel.

"I hope they are going on. I trust they'll not stop here. We have been the great folk of the place up to this, but you'll see how completely the courier or the femme-de-chambre will eclipse us now," said she, rising. "Let us go back, or perhaps they'll give our very rooms away."

"How can you be so silly, Julia?"

"All because we are poor, George. Let me be rich, and you'll be surprised, not only how generous I shall be, but how disposed to think well of every one. Poverty is the very mother of distrust."

"I never heard you rail at our narrow fortune like this before."

"Don't be angry with me, dear George, and I'll make a confession to you. I was not thinking of ourselves, nor of our humble lot all this while; it was a letter I got this morning from Nelly Bramleigh was running in my mind. It has never been out of my thoughts since I received it."

"You never told me of this."

"No. She begged me not to speak of it; and I meant to have obeyed her, but my temper has betrayed me. What Nelly said was, 'Don't tell your brother about these things till he can hear the whole story, which Augustus will write to him as soon as he is able.'"

"What does she allude to?"

"They are ruined — actually ruined."

"The Bramleighs — the rich Bramleighs?"

"Just so. They were worth millions — at least they thought so — a few weeks back, and now they have next to nothing."

"This has come of over-speculation."

"No. Nothing of the kind. It is a claimant to the estate has arisen, an heir whose rights take precedence of their father's; in fact, the grandfather had been privately married early in life, and had a son of whom nothing was heard for years, but who married and left a boy, who, on attaining manhood, preferred his claim to the property. All this mysterious claim was well known to Colonel Bramleigh; indeed, it would appear that for years he was engaged in negotiations with this man's lawyers, sometimes defiantly challenging an appeal to the law, and sometimes entertaining projects of compromise. The correspondence was very lengthy, and, from its nature, must have weighed heavily on the Colonel's mind and spirits, and ended, as Nelly suspects, by breaking up his health."

"It was almost the very first news that met Augustus on his accession to his fortune, and so stunned was he that he wrote to Mr. Sedley to say, — 'I have such perfect reli-



ance on both your integrity and ability, that if you assure me this claim is well-founded and this demand a just one, I will not contest it.' He added, — 'I am not afraid of poverty, but a public shame and a scandal would be my death.'

"Just what I should expect from him. What did Sedley say?"

"He didn't say he was exactly a fool, but something very like it; and he told him, too, that though he might make very light of his own rights, he could not presume to barter away those of others; and, last of all, he added, what he knew would have its weight with Augustus, that, had his father lived, he meant to have compromised this claim. Not that he regarded it either as well-founded or formidable, but simply as a means of avoiding a very unpleasant publicity. This last intimation had its effect, and Augustus permitted Sedley to treat. Sedley at once addressed himself to Temple — Jack was not to be found — and to Lord Cudluff, to learn what share they were disposed to take in such an arrangement. As Augustus offered to bind himself never to marry, and to make a will dividing the estate equally amongst his brothers and sisters, Lord Cudluff and Temple quite approved of this determination, but held that they were not called upon to take any portion of the burden of the compromise.

"Augustus would seem to have been so indignant at this conduct, that he wrote to Sedley to put him at once in direct communication with the claimant. Sedley saw by the terms of the letter how much of it was dictated by passion and offended pride, evaded the demand, and pretended that an arrangement was actually pending, and, if uninterfered with, sure to be completed. To this Augustus replied — for Nelly has sent me a copy of his very words — 'Be it so. Make such a settlement as you, in your capacity of my lawyer, deem best for my interests. For my own part, I will not live in a house, nor receive the rents of an estate, my rights to which the law may possibly decide against me. Till, then, the matter be determined either way, I and my sister Eleanor, who is like-minded with me in this affair, will go where we can live at least cost, decided, so soon as may be, to have this issue determined, and Castello become the possession of him who rightfully owns it.'

"On the evening of the day he wrote this they left Castello. They only stopped a night in Dublin, and left next morning for the Continent. Nelly's letter is dated

from Ostend. She says she does not know where they are going, and is averse to anything like importuning her brother by even a question. She promises to write soon again, however, and tell me all about their plans. They are travelling without a servant, and, so far as she knows, with very little money. Poor Nelly! she bears up nobly, but the terrible reverse of condition, and the privations she is hourly confronted with, are clearly preying upon her."

"What a change! Just to think of them a few months back. It was a princely household."

"Just what Nelly says. 'It is a complete overthrow; and if I am not stunned by the reverse, it is because all my sympathies are engaged for poor "Gusty," who is doing his best to bear up well. As for myself, I never knew how helpless I was till I tried to pack my trunk. I suppose time will soften down many things that are now somewhat hard to bear; but for the moment I am impatient and irritable; and it is only the sight of my dear brother — so calm, so manly, and so dignified in his sorrow — that obliges me to forget my selfish grief and compose myself as I ought.'"

As they thus talked, they arrived at the door of the inn, where the landlord met them, with the request that the two gentlemen who had arrived by extra-post, and who could not find horses to proceed on their journey, might be permitted to share the one sitting-room the house contained, and which was at present occupied by the L'Estranges.

"Let us sup in your room, George," whispered Julia, and passed on into the house.

L'Estrange gave orders to send the supper to his room, and told the landlord that the salon was at his guests' disposal.

About two hours later, as the curate and his sister sat at the open window, silently enjoying the delicious softness of a starry night, they were startled by the loud talking of persons so near as to seem almost in the room with them.

"English — I'll be sworn they are!" said one. "That instinctive dread of a stranger pertains only to our people. How could it have interfered with their comfort, that we sat and eat our meal in this corner?"

"The landlord says they are young, and the woman pretty. That may explain something. Your countrymen, Philip, are the most jealous race in Europe."

L'Estrange coughed here three or four times, to apprise his neighbours that they were within earshot of others.

"Listen to that cough," cried the first

speaker. "That was palpably feigned. It was meant to say, Don't talk so loud."

"I always grow more indiscreet under such provocation," said the other, whose words were slightly tinged with a foreign accent.

A merry laugh burst from Julia at this speech, which the others joined in by very impulse.

"I suspect," said the first speaker, "we might as well have occupied the same room, seeing in what close proximity we stand to each other."

"I think it would be as well to go to your room, Julia," said George, in a low voice. "It is getting late, besides."

"I believe you are right, George. I will say good-night."

The last words appeared to have caught the ears of the strangers, who exclaimed together, "Good-night, good-night;" and he with the foreign accent began to hum, in a very sweet tenor voice, "*Buona sera, buona notte, buona sera;*" which Julia would fain have listened to, but George hurried her away, and closed the door.

"There is the end of that episode," said the foreign voice. "*Le Mari Jaloux* has had enough of us. Your women in England are taught never to play with fire."

"I might reply that yours are all pyrotechnists," said the other, with a laugh.

The clatter of plates and the jingle of glasses, as the waiter laid the table for supper, drowned their voices, and L'Estrange dropped off asleep soon after. A hearty burst of laughter at last aroused him. It came from the adjoining room, where the strangers were still at table, though it was now high daybreak.

"Yes," said he of the foreign accent, "I must confess it. I never made a lucky hit in my life without the ungrateful thought of how much luckier it might have been."

"It is your Italian blood has given you that temperament."

"I knew you'd say so, Philip; before my speech was well out, I felt the reply you'd make me. But let me tell you that you English are not a whit more thankful to fortune than we are; but in your matter-of-fact way you accept a benefit as your just due, while we, more conscious of our deservings, always feel that no recompense fully equalled what we merited. And so is it that ever since that morning at Furnival's Inn, I keep on asking myself, Why twenty thousand? Why not forty — why not twice forty?"

"I was quite prepared for all this. I think I saw the reaction beginning as you signed the paper."

"No, there you wrong me, Philip. I wrote boldly, like a man who felt that he was making a great resolve, and could stand by it. You'd never guess when what you have called 'the reaction' set in."

"I am curious to know when that was."

"I'll tell you. You remember our visit to Castello. You thought it a strange caprice of mine to ask the lawyer whether, now that all was finally settled between us, I might be permitted to see the house — which, as the family had left, could be done without any unpleasantness. I believe my request amused him as much as it did you; he thought it a strange caprice, but he saw no reason to refuse it, and I saw smiled as he sat down to write the note to the housekeeper. I have no doubt that he thought, 'It is a gambler's whim; he wants to see the stake he played for, and what he might perhaps have won had he had courage to play out the game.' You certainly took that view of it."

The other muttered something like a half assent, and the former speaker continued: "And you were both of you wrong. I wanted to see the finished picture of which I possessed the sketch — the beautiful Flora — whose original was my grandmother. I cannot tell you the intense longing I had to see the features that pertained to one who belonged to me; a man must be as utterly desolate as I am, to comprehend the craving I felt to have something — anything that might stand to me in place of family. It was this led me to Castello, and it was this that made me, when I crossed the threshold, indifferent to all the splendours of the place, and only occupied with one thought, one wish — to see the frescos in the Octagon Tower, — poor old Giacomo's great work, — the picture of his beautiful daughter. And was she not beautiful? I ask you, Philip, had Raphael himself ever such a model for sweetness of expression? Come, come. You were just as wild as myself in your enthusiasm as you stood before her; and it was only by a silly jest that you could repress the agitation you were so ashamed of."

"I remember I told you that the family had terribly degenerated since her day."

"And yet you tried to trace a likeness between us."

"You won't say that I succeeded," said he, with a laugh.

"It was then as I stood there gazing on her, thinking of her sad story, that I bethought me what an ignoble part it was I played to compromise the rights that she had won, and how unworthy I was to be the descendant of the beautiful Enrichetta."

"You are about the only man I ever met who was in love with his grandmother."

"Call it how you like, her lovely face has never left me since I saw it there."

"And yet your regret implies that you are only sorry not to have made a better bargain."

"No, Philip: my regret is not to have stood out for terms that must have been refused me; I wish I had asked for the 'impossible.' I tried to make a laughing matter of it when I began, but I cannot—I cannot. I have got the feeling that I have been selling my birthright."

"And you regret that the mess of pottage has not been bigger."

"There's the impossibility in making a friend of an Englishman! It is the sordid side of everything he will insist on turning uppermost. Had I told a Frenchman what I have told you, he would have lent me his whole heart in sympathy."

"To be sure he would. He would have accepted all that stupid sentimentality about your grandmother as refined feeling, and you'd have been blubbering over each other this half hour."

"If you only knew the sublime project I had. I dare not tell you of it in your miserable spirit of depreciating all that is high in feeling and noble in aspiration. You would ridicule it. Yes, mon cher, you would have seen nothing in my plan, save what you could turn into absurdity."

"Let me hear it. I promise you to receive the information with the most distinguished consideration."

"You could not. You could not elevate your mind even to comprehend my motives. What would you have said, if I had gone to this Mr. Bramleigh, and said, Cousin,"—

"He is not your cousin, to begin with."

"No matter; one calls every undefined relation cousin. Cousin, I would have said, this house that you live in, these horses that you drive, this plate that you dine off, these spreading lawns and shady woods that lie around, are mine; I am their lawful owner; I am the true heir to them; and you are nothing—nobody—the son of an illegitimate"—

"I'd say he'd have pitched you out of the window."

"Wait a while; not so fast. Nevertheless, I would have said, Yours is the prescription and the habit. These things have pertained to you since your birth; they are part of you, and you of them. You cannot live without them, because you know no other life than where they enter and mingle; while I, poor and an adven-

turer, have never tasted luxury, nor had any experiences but of trouble and difficulty. Let us each keep the station to which habit and time have accustomed him. Do you live, as you have ever lived, grand seigneur as you are—rich, honoured, and regarded. I will never dispute your possession nor assail your right. I only ask that you accept me as your relation,—a cousin, who has been long absent in remote lands; a traveller, an 'eccentric,' who likes a life of savagery and adventure, and who has come back, after years of exile, to see his family and be with his own. Imagine yourself for an instant to be Bramleigh, and what would you have said to this? Had I simply asked to be one of them, to call them by their Christian names, to be presented to their friends as Cousin Anatole—I ask you now—seriously, what you would have replied to such a noble appeal?"

"I don't know exactly what I should have said, but I think I can tell you what I would have done."

"Well, out with it."

"I'd have sent for the police, and handed you over to the authorities for either a rogue or a madman."

"Bon soir. I wish you a good-night—pleasant dreams, too, if that be possible."

"Don't go. Sit down. The dawn is just breaking, and you know I ordered the horses for the first light."

"I must go into the air then. I must go where I can breathe."

"Take a cigar, and let us talk of something else."

"That is easy enough for you; you who treat everything as a mere passing incident, and would make life a series of unconnected episodes. You turn from this to that, just as you taste of this dish and that at dinner; but I who want to live a life—*entendu*?—to live a life: to be to-morrow the successor of myself to-day, to carry with me an identity—how am I to practise your philosophy?"

"Here come the horses; and I must say, I am for once grateful to their jingling bells, helping as they do to drown more nonsense than even you usually give way to."

"How did we ever become friends? Can you explain that to me?"

"I suppose it must have been in one of your lucid moments, Anatole—for you have them at times."

"Ah, I have! But if you're getting complimentary, I'd better be off. Will you look to the bill? and I'll take charge of the baggage."

From St. James's Magazine.

# LA ROCHEFOUCAULD AND HIS PHILOSOPHY.

WHATEVER may be said of the ancient *noblesse* of France by those who are jealous of their blood, and perhaps a little ignorant of their history, the fact remains, that France owes to them a prodigious part of her great European illustration. Let us take, for instance, the quality on which Frenchmen most pride themselves even now, the brilliant impetuosity, the *furia Francese*, of their troops in attack. This was a quality originally belonging to their *noblesse*, and which spread from them, and through their example, among the common soldiers. We do not bring this forward as our own theory. It is the statement of one who was neither a Frenchman nor a man of extravagant aristocratic sympathies, but a Swiss of Italian descent, a historian of republican predilections,—the grave, the learned, the critical, the sober-minded Sismondi. Be this doctrine, however, as it may, the French *noblesse* gave Sully and Richelieu to statesmanship, and Turenne to war, and Fénelon to the Church, and Mirabeau and Talleyrand to the revolution; while in literature they are represented by names like Montaigne, Descartes, La Rochefoucauld, Sévigné, Boulainvilliers, Chateaubriand, De Musset, and De Tocqueville. Of their thousands of witty and graceful gentlemen, whose talk and manners formed Europe, it is unnecessary to speak. We quote only names which stand out in history, omitting from the list even such as belong less to the nobility of the sword, or the Church, than to the nobility of the gown—such names as those of Pascal and of Montesquieu.

We are about to speak specially, on the present occasion, of one member of this order, who, enjoying universal celebrity, is yet very little known. The fate is a common, though it seems a singular one; it is the fate of Erasmus, and Buchanan, and many another great writer. Everybody knows Rochefoucauld's "Maxims," and scarcely anybody knows Rochefoucauld. The "Maxims" are among the familiar possessions of Europe. Some of them are in school-girls' copy-books, others turn up at frequent intervals in all light literature. They have been blown like thistle-down over the earth, and have sprouted up in prickly epigrams. But, for a thousand readers of the "Maxims," there is scarcely one reader of the "Memoirs," and the pro-

portion is equally small of those who have taken the trouble to inquire what manner of man this famous writer of "Maxims" was. He has represented, with incomparable skill, one whole side of moral speculation, and only a few inquirers have speculated upon him.

The family of La Rochefoucauld derived its name from a village so-called in the Angoumois, five leagues from Angoulême. Here, on the River Tardure, in this western province, a land rich with corn and wine, lived in the eleventh century a race of barons. The first of them on record is one Foucaud or Fulcaldus, Seigneur de la Roche, who, with his children, assisted at a gift to the Abbaye d'Uzerche, A.D., 1019, and is called *vir nobilissimus* in a charter of A.D. 1026. The family continued to exist in the regular feudal manner, making occasional donations to religious houses, and now and then at war with their superiors, the Counts of Angoulême. The seventh baron was taken prisoner at Gisors, fighting against the English under Philip Augustus, and afterwards witnessed the marriage contract between Isabel of Angoulême and our King John. His descendants are found engaged in the wars in Flanders, and in those carried on against our own ancestors in Poitou. At last we come to the sixteenth baron, under whom the house took a step in advance. This was François, counsellor and chamberlain to Charles the Eighth and Louis the Twelfth. He had the honour of holding, at the baptismal font, the great king, Francis the First, who received his name, and who, by and by, in 1528, raised the barony of La Rochefoucauld into a *comté*. The La Rochefoucalds were for two generations Huguenots, and one of them perished in the massacre of St. Bartholomew. This man's grandson, François, the twentieth baron, was made a duke and peer of France, in 1622, by Lewis the Thirteenth. He had married Gabrielle du Plessis-Liancourt, and in 1613 there had been born to him a youngster, whom he christened François, as the family had always christened their heirs since the days of Francis the First. The François of 1613, twenty-first baron and second duke, was the author of the "Maxims." During his father's lifetime, which lasted till 1650, he bore the title of Prince de Marcillac, taken from one of the possessions of the house.

He was by no means well educated, this master of French prose, to whom Voltaire gives the praise of forming the taste of his nation. His father sent him to the camp early, and Marcillac served a campaign in Italy when still in his sixteenth year. At

the time of his entry into public life, his father was "in disgrace," and was living in exile at Blois. The first duke had owed his dukedom to the favour of Marie de Medicis; had adhered to her, when as Queen Mother she quarrelled with Richelieu; and had been implicated in the revolt of Gaston d'Orleans. Hence his absence from court, and hence our Prince de Marcillac was brought up, as he tells us in his Memoirs, in dislike and distrust of Richelieu. The great Cardinal's policy is well known. He was for France centralised at home, and dominant abroad. His hand of iron fell by turns on the Huguenots, the grandees, the house of Austria. So the young Marcillac required to walk warily; yet he came on the stage of affairs with every advantage of nature, as of fortune. He was handsome, high-bred, full of wit and cleverness; and, though at bottom a man of the world, and made for intrigue and the kind of intellectual speculation on character for which such experience affords material, he had one other element of charm suited to the time of his *début*, — we mean a certain flush of romance. It was rather the flush of youth than the reflex of anything deep in his character; the best part of which was a really solid good nature — not a self-sacrificing nobleness, such as distinguished (for instance) his contemporary, Montrose. But it added to his grace of mind in the eyes of the French women of that time, who read romance, and acted romance, and yet were thoroughly women of the world, and of wit too. Bent on shining somewhere, while the cloud of his father's disgrace prevented him from shining much at Paris, Marcillac again went to the wars. He had made a campaign, as we have seen, on the other side of the Alps, in the war of the Mantuan succession, while only a boy. When the war with Spain began, in 1635, he served as a volunteer, and fought in the battle of Avein. It was just about this time that he married Mademoiselle de Vivoune. He tells us somewhere, that his marriage was a happy one; but all that is known of this lady is that she was his wife, and that she had a large family. The fact is characteristic of La Rochefoucauld and of his age. The only female friend of his, and he had many, about whom we are in entire ignorance, is the female friend whom he wedded. Studies the most delightful and elaborate exist of the De Longuevilles, De Sablés, and others. But a veil of obscurity hangs over the face of the mother of his children.

The old Duke appeared again in the world in 1637, and Marcillac went to

Court. Here he attached himself closely to the interests of the Queen, Anne of Austria, a Spanish Hapsburg, half German, half Spanish, comely, sensual, brave, fond of gallantry, which she varied with a little superstitious devotion. Here, too, he had the first of those love-affairs (his love-affair with his wife does not count) which play such a prominent part in his history. He became *épris* of the beautiful Madame de Hautefort, the Platonic mistress of Louis the Thirteenth. It was the peculiarity of that gloomy, cruel, suspicious King, in which he differed markedly both from his father and his son, to have no mistresses but of the Platonic type. One day he insisted on seeing a *billet* which the De Hautefort held in her hand. She hid it in her bosom, and told him that if he wanted it he must come and take it. His Majesty thereupon took up a pair of silver pincers, and delicately extracted the note with that harmless instrument. It does not appear that Marcillac's tenderness for Madame de Hautefort went beyond the sentimental stage. But it must have been real; for we know, from his "Memoirs," that in 1637, when the Queen was in great peril, suspected of conspiring with Spain, and menaced with divorce and imprisonment, he formed a project for carrying her and her friend, Madame de Hautefort, off to Brussels. "I was at the age," he says, "when one likes to do extraordinary and brilliant things, and I could not find anything more so than to take away, at the same time, the Queen from the King, her husband, and from the Cardinal, who was jealous of her, and Madame de Hautefort from the King, who was in love with her." To this may be added that, at a later time, when again serving in the field, he gave a note for her to her brother, to be delivered in case he should fall in the approaching battle.

The romantic adventure contemplated by Marcillac never took place; but he fell into the clutches of "the terrible Cardinal" that year, for assisting his enemy, Madame de Chevreuse, with carriages and horses when she fled to Spain. Richelieu sent him to the Bastille for eight days. When he got his release, he went into retirement for a couple of years, after which he again joined the army. But he could never arrange matters with Richelieu, so he took up his quarters at his fine seat of Vertueil, in his own country. It contradicts many common notions about the French *noblesse* to find that, during those years of obscure tranquillity, the Prince de Marcillac, heir of the Duc de la Rochefou-



cauld, should have become, in a kind of way, a wine-merchant. He used to ship wines to England from the western ports near his seat, receiving English horses and dogs in exchange.

In 1642, Marcillac assisted the Comte de Montresor, who had been implicated in the famous Cinq-Mars conspiracy, to escape from France. That year Richelieu died—so feared, says Michelet, in his quaint way, that people hardly dared to believe it, not knowing that he might not choose to come to life again. The Queen's party and the discontented *grandeess* rallied their spirits, and Marcillac was employed by Anne to prepare the way for her Regency. For, the king, too, was now nearing death; and the Regency was the paramount question. Marcillac's mission was to bring into Anne's interests the Duc d'Enghien, afterwards the renowned Condé, the eagle-faced, high-hearted, indomitable Louis de Bourbon, who won a great battle at twenty-two. Marcillac was in his element in such duties, which suited his love of *finesse*, his winning manners, and all those brilliant qualities which made him a typical noble of that society. The king died in 1643; Anne became Regent; and great were the hopes of those who had adhered to her when she was under the double shadow of the late husband's suspicious indifference, and the late Cardinal's far-seeing and watchful hate. But they were all disappointed, and nobody more so than the Prince de Marcillac. The Queen's confidence was given to Richelieu's pupil, Mazarin, a supple, ingenuous Italian, of humble birth, who had Richelieu's smaller talents without his greater ones (though with more amiability), and who had, above all, the one talent needful for governing the Queen Regent. Marcillac was bent on being rewarded for his fidelity with some important post. He had also the dignity of his family much at heart; desiring that, like the great houses of Rohan and Tremouille—one sprung from the sovereign princes of Brittany, the other from the sovereign princes of Poitou—he should enjoy *les honneurs du Louvre*—the *tabouret* for his wife, and the right of entering the Louvre in a carriage. But he soon found, as he relates, that the Queen and the new Cardinal were “amusing” him; and he passed the year 1644–45, in what he calls an *état ennuyeux*. He began to draw near those other discontented potentates, who were nicknamed the Importants, and whose chief, the handsome showy Duc de Beaufort, a grandson of Henry the Fourth's,

by the fair Gabrielle, had been sent to prison. They were the forerunners of the Fronde.

The old Duke, however, obtained for his son, thus gradually ripening into a Frondeur, permission to purchase the government of Poitou. This was in 1646, in which year Marcillac went to the Low Countries with D'Enghien, and was badly wounded at the siege of Mardick—so badly, that he had to be carried back to Paris in a litter. As he recovered, he found a general discontent with the Government growing stronger every day. The Parliament of Paris, nothing loth to extend its influence beyond its proper judicial functions, and to be a great power in the state, was grumbling deeply. The finances were in abominable disorder. The taxes were most oppressive. All these circumstances favoured the disappointed patricians, and the Fronde began to form itself into a serious power—a power which made some observers fear or hope, as their inclinations led them, that France was about to have a revolution such as was just completing itself in England. But the difference of conditions was prodigious; the one common element, indeed, being that misgovernment and discontent existed in France in 1647–8, as they had in England in 1637–8. In France, however, there was no cohesion between the interests suffering. The *noblesse* used the Parliament, the Parliament the *bourgeoisie*, the *bourgeoisie* the rabble; but all these different classes cared only for themselves. A duchess, wanting the *tabouret*, might act for a time with a fish-woman wanting a market-tax taken off; but there was nothing religious or historical in a tie of that kind. As for the chiefs, they hardly pretended to have any but personal grievances. The coadjutor of Paris, afterwards the celebrated Retz, desired to be a cardinal and a minister. Marcillac wanted letters of dukedom, his father being still alive. One *grandeess* longed for the governorship of Havre; the other for that of Languedoc. Some joined the movement in obedience to a mistress—who was generally another man's wife. And so things went on. There was infinite courage, brilliance, wit, shown no doubt; the air was alive with pasquinades, as with musketry, while the struggle lasted. Nay, there was a generous nobleness shown, too, worthy of an age which had listened to Corneille, and which (as is now well known) really formed the greatest minds of the more lauded age of Lewis the Fourteenth. But if all the wit had been confined to

albums, and all the powder made into fireworks, the political results would have been very much the same.

Our business, however, is with François de la Rochefoucauld, who was still Prince de Marillac when the war broke out. The crisis was brought on by the rashness of Mazarin, who elated with Condé's victory of Lens, thought he might do anything, and (26th August, 1648) arrested two of the most venerated members of the Parliament. At once Paris rose; invested the Palais Royal, where the Queen Regent was with her son; and forced the Government to release the prisoners. A conference was held at Noisy by the Prince de Conti (Condé's younger brother), the coadjutor of Paris, the Duc de Longueville, and others, and civil war was resolved upon. Marillac, then in his Government of Poitou, received the important intelligence from the Duchess de Longueville, and hastened to Paris, eager for revenge.

The Duchesse de Longueville! What a fate in French literature her's has been! To be loved in her lifetime by Rochefoucauld, — and two centuries afterwards by Victor Cousin! The daughter of a Bourbon, by a Montmorency, the sister of Condé, the wife of the Duc de Longueville, — all that she possessed by birth and condition, was still inferior to the qualities which she derived from nature. Her spirit was high, her soul generous, her intellect fine and highly cultivated. Her beauty was of the richest and most delicate type; at once sweet and stately. Of figure tall and full, without excess in either direction, — she had the softest blue eyes in the world, and abundant light hair, equally charming in colour and texture.

Born in 1619, Anne Geneviève de Bourbon had been much, in her early youth, at the Convent of the Carmelites of the Rue St. Jacques, and her religious impressions returned long before her beauty had withered, and remained with her through life. Introduced into the world in 1635, at a great ball at the Louvre, she became an ornament of the high society of the time. She frequented the Hotel Rambouillet, and ranked amongst the *Précieuses*. But the *Précieuses* of that period were not *Précieuses Ridicules*, any more than the Cavaliers and the ladies of our Charles the First's time were like the men and women of the court of Charles the Second. They were, in intellect and manners, the first ladies in France, and they employed themselves in modifying the old feudal stateliness without destroying its poetry, by the operation of literary

culture, and in refining or adding happy phrases to their native French language. Their analogues in English social history are the Lucy Harringtons, Lady Pembrokes, and that earlier generation, rather than, as might be supposed, the Castlemaines and Shrewsburys, into whose time many of them lived. And if their lives were not always faultless, as is only too well known, why, all that can be said is, that they erred in a somewhat great and generous fashion, and that they repented long.

The first appearance of Madame de Longueville, in Rochefoucauld's "Memoirs," is in the year 1646; but M. Cousin dates their closer intimacy about the year 1647, or the beginning of 1648. Anne de Bourbon had been married, young, to the Duc de Longueville, who was much older than herself, and who did not pay her the compliment of a fidelity which, under the circumstances, was peculiarly due to her. Rochefoucauld seems to have fascinated her, and, from all appearances, the love was greatest on her side. In 1648, as we have just seen, he came to Paris to join her. The Court moved in 1649 to St. Germain, but Madame de Longueville remained in Paris, under pretence of illness, and was joined there by her brother, the Prince de Conti. Other high potentates came into the party. Money was raised, and the different Parliaments communicated with throughout France. Conti took the command, though his elder brother, Condé, remained with the Court. Condé soon forced a post, and raised the price of provisions in the city. Food had to be brought in under convoy, and on one of these occasions, our hero, who held the rank of lieutenant-general, had a narrow escape for his life and was badly wounded. The Comte de Grancy charged his troop, who ran at the first shot. Marillac's horse was killed. He attacked the Comte d'Holach, who fired at him, followed by all the squadron in succession. As he lay on the ground, with half-a-dozen soldiers disputing who should kill and strip him, reinforcements came up, and the future author of the "Maxims" was saved. He got back to Paris, in spite of his wounds, which, however, kept him out of the rest of the war. Peace was signed March 11, 1649. "All the generals," says Rochefoucauld, in his "Memoirs," "were meditating their private means of arrangement, and each of them had secret connexions with the court, in order to have better conditions." \* What an account of the Fronde from a Frondeur!

\* "Mémoires." [Collection Petitot, tom. 51, p. 466 — the edition we always quote.]

What a hopeful prospect for those good people who hoped some amelioration of the state of things from such leadership!

But if Rochefoucauld tells us this kind of thing about the selfishness of other Frondeurs, he does not conceal his own. He was soon busy again with Mazarin about those unlucky *honneurs du Louvre*; and this time the slippery Italian fairly granted them, and would not adhere to them. Not a doubt in the world, but this was the reason why the injured gentleman was in the next war. Condé having quarrelled with the Court, and after a network of intrigues with which we have nothing to do, Condé and Conti were arrested and imprisoned—18th January, 1650. Madame de Longueville made for Normandy accompanied by her lover; they parted at Dieppe,—she for Holland, he for Poitou to prepare for war. The old Duc de la Rochefoucauld died at this time, if not (like Agricola) opportunely for himself, most opportunely for his brilliant son. Under pretence of celebrating his funeral with proper splendour, the new Duc de la Rochefoucauld (we shall call him Marcillac no more), assembled 2000 horse and 800 foot, and set off to seize Saumur, followed by 700 gentlemen. This little fact shows the splendour of the family. Rochefoucauld missed his object at Saumur, and joined the Duc de Bouillon (another Frondeur, and elder brother to the great Turenne), at Turenne. Here, three hundred gentlemen joined him; and Bouillon and he entered Bordeaux, where the Princess of Condé (Condé's wife, a niece of Richelieu) and her son, had preceded them. In the siege which followed, La Rochefoucauld showed his usual courage and activity; but Bordeaux had to surrender on the 28th September for all that. In the conditions of peace, as he gloomily notes, no compensation was made for the destruction of his beautiful palace of Vertueil, which had naturally been burnt by the royal troops when its master was in open rebellion. There is a story that when he heard of that catastrophe, he exclaimed, with the grand old grace of the French aristocracy: "Another sacrifice to the adorable Madame de Longueville!" But we can find no trace of this in M. Cousin, who holds that Rochefoucauld dragged the Duchess into these wars for his own selfish purposes. The fact is, that the philosopher was jealous of Rochefoucauld, for having won Madame de Longueville a couple of hundred years before; and he scarcely does him justice under the influence of that base passion!

Now began a new series of intrigues and

combinations, and Rochefoucauld was in Paris in the midst of them—plotting against the Cardinal with his enemies—privately seeing him on the part of Madame de Longueville, to try and effect the release of her brothers, the Princes. Presently, Orleans, the King's uncle, declared for the Princes. Paris broke into a state of excitement, and Mazarin quitted the city. Rochefoucauld started, with the order for their release to Havre, and met them *en route* at Grosménil. They had been set free by Mazarin, who went off to the Rhine, and established himself at Brühl, near Cologne; from which refuge, however, he still directed the Queen's policy.

The reception of the Princes of Condé and Conti in Paris, on the 16th February, 1651, was a triumph. A continued peace might now have been hoped; and it is greatly to the credit of Rochefoucauld, and shows that he was no mere grandee, but in some degree a political noble, which is a different thing, that he was in favour of the convocation of the States-General.\* But France was plunged into a third war, from the most paltry personal motives.

We have already mentioned among La Rochefoucauld's early friends, that famous lady of the Fronde, Marie de Rohan, Duchesse de Chevreuse. She it was, who, working in concert with Retz, and through him upon the Parliament and the Duc d'Orleans, had, for her own purposes, enabled Mazarin to seize Condé with impunity. But Mazarin had shown himself ungrateful, and as personal feelings and interests governed everything in France at this period, Madame de Chevreuse formed a new combination. This was "a great aristocratic league," as M. Cousin calls it, which was to unite all the interests of the Fronde together; to keep Mazarin for ever out of France; and to form a Government which should rest on Orleans and Condé jointly, and include or benefit the friends of both. This great plot was hatched during the imprisonment of the princes; and one of the conditions which it involved was a marriage between the chief plotter's daughter, Mademoiselle de Chevreuse, and the Prince of Conti. That this same high-born daughter (for the Duc de Chevreuse was of the house of Lorraine) was all the while the mistress of Retz—the mistress of an ecclesiastic—seems not to have been considered a matter of any moment among the high contracting parties. It was settled that the marriage should take place; and the rupture of the contract by the Condé family plunged France into civil

\* Mémoires. (Pett. tom. 52, p. 64-5.)

war. All the Chevreuse interest, including Retz, went over to the Court; there was a talk of assassinating Condé — an extremely probable event — and Condé's friends urged him to declare war, and as first prince of the blood, and first soldier of the age, bring his enemies to the dust. Madame de Longueville was keen for this resolution, not merely influenced by her love of, and pride in, her great brother; but because she saw no other way of escaping the necessity of joining her aged husband and a disagreeable step-daughter in Normandy! \* La Rochefoucauld, for his part, says that he entered into the new war, "because he was obliged to follow the instructions of Madame de Longueville;" and he gives as the reason for the Duc de Nemours taking part in it, that he wanted to separate Condé from Madame de Châtillon! "It would seem," observes the philosophical Sismondi, "as if the government of a queen regent had handed all power in France over to women." Really, one cannot recal the reasons given for this third war of the Fronde, or the names of Mademoiselle de Chevreuse, Madame de Longueville, and Madame de Châtillon, without involuntarily quoting what honest old Dicaeopolis, in the *Acharnians* of Aristophanes, says of the origin of the Peloponnesian war —

"Κάντηθεν ἀρχὴ τοῦ πολέμου κατ'ἐρράγη  
Ἑλλῆσι πᾶσιν ἐκ τριῶν λαικαστριῶν."

Condé at first retired to St. Maur, where he held a kind of court, and where, as Rochefoucauld tells us, balls, comedies, plays, hunting, and feasting, attracted swarms of people. He then returned to Paris, and the two factions used to face each other in the Parliament armed, so that bloodshed was only avoided by a miracle. On one of these occasions Rochefoucauld had Retz jammed in a door, and seems to have taken no small credit to himself for not despatching him. Meanwhile, the Princesse de Condé and Madame de Longueville had been sent to Condé's fortress of Montrond in Berri, and here the Prince and Rochefoucauld visited them, after which they passed through the Rochefoucauld country to Bordeaux. Swarms of nobles had joined them in the Angoumois, and war was now considered to have commenced. The Court moved to Bourges, on which Condé's family left Montrond for Guienne. Mazarin now returned to France, and found

the court at Poitiers, moving onwards to hem Condé in, in the claret country.

During the journey of Condé's household from Montrond to Bordeaux, an event happened which broke for ever the *liaison* between Rochefoucauld and Madame de Longueville. The duchess bent her famous soft blue eyes too tenderly on the Duc de Nemours. What the extent of her coquetries was, nobody knows. M. Cousin himself cannot tell us, though they cost him many a pang. Rochefoucauld abandoned her with a decision which made people think that he was glad of the opportunity. Meanwhile the war went on. Bouillon had proved untrustworthy, and the sword of Turenne was drawn on the royal side. Condé and Rochefoucauld now made a celebrated secret expedition and forced march, from Agen on the Garonne, (the elder Scaliger's home in the previous century), across Périgord, the Limousin, Auvergne, and the Bourbonnais, to join the army of Nemours. There were only seven persons in the party. They used the same horses all the way for a hundred and twenty leagues; crossing mountains, avoiding towns, swimming rivers, and never resting more than two hours at a time. They ran the gauntlet of a thousand dangers, and had some comic adventures, too. On one occasion they were put up by a Périgourdin gentleman, who did not know their rank, and entertained Condé at supper with some pleasant scandalous anecdotes about his sister, the Duchess. Another time, having come to a *cabaret* where nothing could be had to eat but eggs, Condé undertook to make an omelette, and on turning it in the pan, contrived to throw it into the fire. \* Their fatigue — Condé's always excepted, who was a man of iron, — was excessive. Rochefoucauld was so exhausted, that they had to fling water in his face to rouse him; and at this period first appeared that gout which tormented his old age, and ultimately killed him. But the object was gained. Having crossed the Loire, Condé won the battle of Bleneau, and prevented D'Hoquincourt from joining Turenne. It was fought in April, 1652.

Negotiations were now commenced in Paris, in all of which there was an article providing fresh honours and other advantages for the house of La Rochefoucauld. But they came to nothing; and in July that year was fought, in Paris, the terrible battle of St. Antoine, where the two great-

\* Cousin. Madame de Longueville pendant la Fronde (1651-53), pp. 61.

\* Mémoires de Gourville. He was one of the party.

est soldiers of France, Condé and Turenne, filled the streets of her capital with blood. La Rochefoucauld was wounded here for the last time. He was fighting at a barricade alongside Nemours, when a musket-ball struck him below the eyes, and at once blinded him. He would have been taken prisoner; but Condé, who, like Turenne on the other side, fought everywhere, sword in hand, — riding bloody amongst the musketry fire, — delivered him by one furious charge. Condé thought his wound mortal; for when Mademoiselle de Montpensier went to see him after the fight, and found him covered with dust and blood, he said, "You see a desperate man. I have lost all my friends: Nemours, La Rochefoucauld, Clinchamp, are wounded to death." And the hero of Rocroy wept, begging the daughter of Orleans to forgive his weakness.

La Rochefoucauld's wound, however, was not to be fatal. His public career was over; but he lived for twenty-eight years, and during those years won with his pen a celebrity which has thrown all the rest of his life into the shade. Had he died at the barricade that summer's day of 1652, he would have been remembered, indeed, as one of the chief illustrations of his great house; as one of the most brilliant and gallant personages of the melodrama of the Fronde. Traditions of his wit and his grace and his *liaison* with Madame de Longueville, would have come down to us in the most readable memoirs in the world; but his fame would have been a fame of the *salon*, and the library only. It is not our concern to tell how the power of Mazarin was re-established more firmly than ever, or to track the dying Fronde to its last lair in Bordeaux. We have to sketch only the tranquil years of a life of letters, and to offer some remarks on the philosophy elaborated in them — elaborated in them, we say, but based on the experience of the active and intriguing life, of which we have given a pale outline. It is a philosophy which has wide relations, no doubt; but as regards its form and colour, and much of its substance, it is emphatically the philosophy of the Fronde.

La Rochefoucauld closes his Memoirs with October, 1652. He recovered his health and sight in due time; lived now at Paris, now in his country house; was thoroughly domestic; slid gradually into literature; and formed for himself a select society of gifted and cultivated women, the best remembered of whom are Madame de Sablé, Madame de La Fayette, and Madame de Sévigné. We hear of no more

*galantries*, either on his part or that of Madame de Longueville. After the Fronde closed, Anne de Bourbon, still in the prime of life and beauty, became formally "converted," and devoted herself to the Carmelites and to Port-Royal. What religion was to her, letters became to him.

By degrees he made himself a great artist. He had little culture, — so little, that, as Cousin observes, many ladies of his society knew more Latin than he.\* But a man of genius, and quality, coming in the wake of Corneille, Balzac, and Voiture, living always with the finest minds of his generation, insensibly learns to embody the sense and grace of his daily conversation, in the happiest forms of his written language. This noble, who made a campaign at sixteen, and who, up to forty, was a weaver of intrigues, and a daring swordsman of civil war, is placed by Voltaire among the founders of modern French literature, and has been ranked as a prose writer, by men who do not love him, with Pascal himself.

The first edition of the Memoirs of La Rochefoucauld was published in 1662. Those who only knew the "Maxims," have probably a very erroneous notion of the "Memoirs." They would, we dare say, expect to find in them a string of acute and brilliant epigrams, decorating satirical portraits of the men of that age. No fancy could be further from the truth. They are, indeed, exceedingly sagacious and penetrating; but they have all the quiet and mellowness of the old masters. The glitter of the modern French literature has no right to call itself distinctively French. It is not the French of Pascal, or La Rochefoucauld, or Madame de Sévigné. Their French is as truly simple as it is clear and strong. The cymbal-clashing, and the bell-ringing, and the rocket-firing, are really modern. Classical French, true to its Latin origin, has sometimes a monumental severity; sometimes a Horatian playfulness. Rochefoucauld would have thought all the finery so fashionable now, *bourgeois*; and no doubt intended his style to be as well-bred as himself, easy, polished, amiable, but shrinking from extravagance, as from pedantry. Such is the tone of the "Memoirs." Their veracity is unimpeached by the most hostile critics; and no one disputes that they are of primary historical authority.

Rochefoucauld's earliest maxims were given to the world in 1665. Their creation was curious. They formed a labour of

\* Cousin. Madame de Sablé, p. 108.



love to their author, who made of them an amusement supplementary to the conversation of two or three intellectual saloons. When he had prepared a few, he used to send them to Madame de Sablé and with pleasant *badinage*, demand from her in return some of her favourite receipts—a new carrot-soup, or a *ragoût* of mutton. Madame de Sablé, a surviving *Précieuse* of the old (and good) school, who had lodgings for herself in Port Royal, would circulate a batch of the Maxims without revealing their authorship, and send them back, with selected criticisms, to the workshop of the master. Here they again fell under that skilful hand. If there seemed a flaw in one of them, it was laid aside. If it was sound, the diamond-cutter again laboured on it, till workmanship could do no more. Polish was felt to be of supreme importance; and, indeed, except an ode of Horace, it is difficult to find anything so delicately finished as a maxim of La Rochefoucauld.

That La Rochefoucauld set out with any deliberate intention of expounding a system in his "Maxims," does not appear. Voltaire, who much admired him, has said that there is "almost only one truth in the book—that self-love is '*le mobile de tout*,'" and he gives Rochefoucauld high praise for contriving to make it nearly always piquant. Nevertheless, one does not find any such principle fairly laid down. Rochefoucauld seems to have honestly endeavoured to describe men as he had found them; and it is very well worth notice that when he is most severe in his judgments, he is never cynical. A later and inferior man, who exaggerated some of his views—we mean Mandeville—was cynical, and a buffoon into the bargain. But Rochefoucauld is always cheerful and amiable, and what is more, it must be taken into account how constantly he qualifies his statements. He is always saying that so-and-so is "often" the case; that "most" men will do such-and-such. He does not shut out human nature from the capacity for feeling or doing what, in the busy world, men generally fall below the capacity to feel or do. A few of his most pungent and startling sayings have been allowed to keep more generous ones out of sight. Some people have even accused him of not believing in the existence of virtue. But the hacknied definition of hypocrisy would itself be incompatible with that; and it is only one of a little series of the same purport. "Wicked as men may be," he says, "they dare not appear enemies of virtue; and when they

wish to persecute it, they pretend to believe that it is false, or attribute to it crimes." And, again,—"It must be agreed to the honour of virtue, that the greatest evils of men are those into which they fall by their crimes." Let us proceed to quote a few other maxims which are apt to be overlooked by the searchers after mere piquancy:—

"The too great eagerness that people have to return an obligation is a species of ingratitude."

"It is more disgraceful to distrust one's friends than to be deceived by them."

"It is a proof of little friendship not to perceive the cooling of that of our friends."

"We pardon as long as we love."

"There is only one sort of love, but there are a thousand different imitations of it."

Not only delicacy of observation, but of feeling, is seen in these specimens. On the other hand, some of the less agreeable maxims are very directly inspired by the society in which Rochefoucauld passed his life. Take these, for instance:—

"There are good marriages, but there are no delicious ones."

"When we are tired of loving, we are glad of an infidelity which sets us free."

"People pass often from love to ambition, but few return from ambition to love."

"Reconciliation with our enemies is only a desire to render our condition better, a weariness of war, and a fear of some evil event."

These are such *dicta* as we might expect from a man, accustomed to see his friends marry from interest, and love against law; adopt a policy in the cause of ambition, and abandon it for the sake of gain or vengeance. The reason that it is so necessary to know La Rochefoucauld's life is that without it we lose the key to his writings. Half his merit is in his honesty. If he were a satirist only, it would be a different thing; but he is philosophising on observed facts. He does not seek out materials for laughter. They presented themselves, first, and made him laugh.

But though all this is so indubitably true, that in one sense, La Rochefoucauld might be called the Philosopher of the Fronde, it would be absurd to content ourselves with so describing him. The Fronde, too, had its roots in human nature; and if the "Maxims" had been merely the results of it, they would have long ago been merged in the mass of mazarinades, and fugitive literature generally, which the movement produced. Their popularity shows, that,

though derived from the study of the great French society of the seventeenth century, they have something in them which appeals to universal instinct and observation. A man must be very ignorant, who supposes that whatever was true, in the main, of the world which Rochefoucauld lived in, was not more or less true of all human societies. It only requires that one should live in a second-rate provincial town, to see as much vanity, jealousy, greediness, interested love, and calculating hate, as was ever displayed by the great lords and great ladies, who wrangled about *tabourets*, or whispered innuendoes, in the Paris of Anne of Austria. And, because this is so, thousands of persons who know no more of the pedigree of the Ducs de Longueville, than of that of the Ptolemies, and who would be puzzled to distinguish between the *journée des dupes* and the *veille des rois*, yet read Rochefoucauld, and discuss him, whether they like him or not. His mere wit and style will not account for this. How many average Englishmen, who have a fair knowledge of Rochefoucauld's "Maxims," have ever looked at the "Provincial Letters"? No. Rochefoucauld lives by dint of his truth. He lives because he has said (with unrivalled neatness and point, of course) a great deal that is indisputably true about the nature and character of man.

Are we, then, disciples of La Rochefoucauld, in the sense of believing that he has given a complete and sufficient account of humanity? Certainly not. He has pushed his view of things too far; and some of his "Maxims" are obviously false. Even in these, however, it is absurd to denounce him as a wilful libeller of human nature; he only shared a way of thinking—a special philosophical tendency—belonging to his age. Glance, for example, at what he says of pity:—

"Pity is often a feeling of our own evils in the evils of others; it is a clever provision of the misfortunes into which we may fall," &c.

This is exactly the doctrine of Hobbes, who in his treatise on "Human Nature," published twenty-five years before the "Maxims," had defined pity as "The imagination or fiction of future calamity to ourselves, proceeding from the sense of another man's calamity." It is not likely that Rochefoucauld knew anything of Hobbes—though Hobbes, by the way, was resident in Paris during the whole of the Fronde period. But they both belonged to the new phase of

thought which was succeeding the old religious and romantic way of thinking in Europe. Rochefoucauld sometimes carried it to absurd lengths. We may instance his account of friendship:—

"What men have named friendship is only a society, a reciprocal arrangement of interests, an exchange of good offices; it is, in fact, only a commerce, in which self-love always proposes to gain something for itself."

Anybody who would see doctrines of this kind conclusively demolished, may go to Hume's Essay on "The dignity or Meanness of Human Nature." "In my opinion," says the great David, "there are two things which have led astray those philosophers that have insisted so much on the selfishness of man. In the first place, they found that every act of virtue or friendship was attended with a sense of pleasure; whence they concluded that friendship and virtue could not be disinterested. But the fallacy of this is obvious. The virtuous sentiment, or passion, produces the pleasure, and does not arise from it. I feel a pleasure in doing good to my friend because I love him, but do not love him for the sake of that pleasure." \* The second part of Hume's refutation does not so much concern us. But the truth is that these piquant Maxims, like those edible fungi, among which the delightful mushroom holds the first place, require careful examination; it is not always easy to distinguish a mushroom from a toadstool. The following is an undoubted toadstool, and will be readily recognised:—

"In the adversity of our best friends we often find something which does not displease us."

Stated nakedly, and without explanation, this a falsehood. Yet take the maxim which immediately succeeds it in the collection [they are 241, 242], and we shall perhaps find that Rochefoucauld's meaning was not so black as it looks:—

"We console ourselves easily for the disgraces of our friends when they serve to signalise our tenderness for them."

He does not mean that what pleases us in the adversity is the adversity itself; that kind of pleasure would be the pleasure of a fiend. He means that there is some gratification of the vanity in the act of giving the

\* See especially, on the same side, the seventyeighth and seventy-ninth of the illustrious Professor Thomas Brown's "Lectures on the Philosophy of the Human Mind."

friendly assistance which the adversity demands. He assumes that there will be a tenderness felt, and that it will be an active tenderness, or how signalise itself? But he says that "in" or mixed up with the fact of the calamity, and our aid in it, a certain agreeable feeling will exist on our part. Of course, he here falls again under such censure as that which we have quoted of the selfish philosophy from Hume. But the maxim is sometimes interpreted in a sense in which it would be devilish.

It must be admitted, no doubt, that La Rochefoucauld dwells too long and too monotonously, on the seamy side of our human nature. But, then, there is a seamy side; and it is to the world's advantage to have it put — not mockingly — not exultingly — but with a certain quiet good-nature, and with a variety of illustration and epigram, such as only a man of genius could have given to his subject. How many fine, brilliant things occur in that little volume which, right or wrong, contains no idle lines: —

"The reason why lovers and their mistresses do not get tired of being together is that they only talk of themselves."

"Everybody complains of his memory, and nobody complains of his judgment."

"The refusal of praise is a desire to be praised twice."

"Few people know how to be old."

"We have all sufficient strength to support the evils of others."

"Neither the sun nor death can be looked at steadily."

What shrewdness in all these terse sayings! What concentration of thinking! What felicity of turn! The philosophy of La Rochefoucauld may not hold good as a whole. But it suggests, it excites, it makes the student think and feel. And if it brings to his consciousness any dark tendency lurking in his soul, surely it has done him good; it has shown him what he has to fight, and has sharpened the faculties by which he has to fight it.

The influence of La Rochefoucauld on Europe has been great. In our own country it can be traced down through Pope and Swift, Chesterfield and Walpole, to Byron and Thackeray. Like Rochefoucauld, Thackeray sought to set men thinking by rebuking the vanity of their concealed virtue; and Rochefoucauld, like Thackeray, while severe in his writings, was privately a kind and affectionate man. Even Retz, his enemy, said that he was the most polished courtier and the honestest man in private life of his age. "The heart of M. de la

Rochefoucauld for his family," writes Madame de Sévigné, "is something incomparable; he declares that it is one of the chains which attach us to each other."\* The opinion of Madame de Sévigné was the general one. The man of many epigrams was an epigram himself. He said much evil of mankind, but if all mankind had been like him, they might have dispensed with his book of "Maxims." He ridiculed bravery, but, says Madame de Maintenon, "*il doit cependant fort braver!*" He maintained that we cannot love except with some relation to ourselves; and he was as much beloved within his household and without it as if he had held the loftiest theories on love that have been held since the age of Plato.

La Rochefoucauld was entitled to the gout by a double right, as a man of blood and as a man of intellect; and he had a double share of it accordingly. As early as 1671 he was unable to walk, and used to be carried to see his friends in a chair, or used to take the air in his carriage. Next year, when Lewis the Fourteenth invaded Holland, his eldest son was wounded, and his youngest son, the Chevalier de Marsillac, killed, at the passage of the Rhine. Madame de Sévigné was in his presence at the house of Madame de la Fayette when the news reached him, and saw the tears flow, as she says, from the bottom of his heart.† But there was another loss at that gallant passage which touched him more. The Duc de Longueville, who was really his son by the beautiful lady of whom we have heard so much, was also slain there. The duchess was now living in religious retirement, and she and her old lover met no more. It is strange to think of the father and mother in different parts of Paris, each knowing what the other felt, each mourning their own share of the common loss, yet separated, as we are separated from the dead. "Had they met in those first moments," Madame de Sévigné says, "and had nobody been with them, all other sentiments would have given place to cries and tears, which they would have redoubled with hearty goodwill."‡ But this was never to be. Madame de Longueville had been converted in 1654, at thirty-five years of age. From 1660 she was in close contact with La Rochefoucauld's great friend, Madame de Sablé; but, M. Cousin, who had examined their correspondence, declares that she does not once mention his name in the letters of fifteen years. §

\* Lettres (4 Mai 1672).

† Lettres (17 June, 1672).

‡ Ib. (20 June, 1672).

§ Victor Cousin. Madame de Sablé, p. 202.

It remains, now, only to be added that the Duc de la Rochefoucauld died in Paris on the 17th March, 1680. A month afterwards a group of illustrious persons went to the Carmelites to hear a funeral oration by Gabriel de Roquette, Bishop of Autun. His text was "*Fallax pulchritudo, mulier timens Deum laudabitur.*" Madame de Sévigné saw there some young ladies—her friends—and left them weeping. They were the Mesdemoiselles de la Rochefoucauld, and their tears were flowing for their father at the funeral sermon of Madame de Longueville. "*Ils sont morts dans la même année,*" writes the charming letter-writer, "*il y avait bien à rêver sur ces deux noms.*" \*

From The London Review

CHARLES THE BOLD. †

WE have here the third and concluding volume of Mr. Kirk's life of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy—a work of considerable labor and of some pretensions, with respect to which, however, we are disposed to remark that it gives undue prominence to a figure which, after all, is not of first-rate importance in the history of Europe. For, although Charles the Bold was a man of courage, energy, and ability, and although he passed a life of action and intrigue, in the course of which he was brought into contact or collision with most of the great potentates of the day, he was not the centre of any very remarkable system of events, nor has he exercised any permanent influence on the fortunes of his country. He was a military chieftain of the feudal type, coming at the close of the feudal age, and, while creating much agitation at the time, leaving behind him no lasting results, nor even a special type of character. The interest we feel in him is but transitory, and three thick octavo volumes seem rather too much for a subject of secondary value. In addition to this, we have an objection to make to Mr. Kirk's style. It is ambitious, sentimental, prone to "effect" and mannerism. Sometimes the mode is that of the historical novelist—at others, that of the historical satirist; and here and there an affectation of Carlyleism is disagreeably apparent. Because Charles

the Bold thought fit to make war in the Jura, for instance, we are to be troubled with the following bit of fine writing, which it is not too much to say is nothing to the purpose:—"When the spectators on the Rigi have watched successive groups of giant Alps rise out of the night, and receive on their icy brows warm kisses from the radiant dawn, the eye turns in quest of further marvels to the opposite quarter of the panorama, across table-lands and plains dotted with towns and lakes, and bounded by the distant chain of the Jura. But there the horizon offers none of the grand and entrancing aspects of a mountain range. That long, straight, dusky line, with no variety of form or play of colour, belongs not to the picture, but to the frame. If we transfer our point of view to the Lake of Geneva, and choose for our comparison the evening instead of the morning light, the contrast is still more striking. For then the mountains of the Valais and of Savoy unveil themselves to the declining sun, and, as the mist rolls off, each snowy summit and gray pyramid flushes into soft crimson before his parting glance. The lake, like a conscious witness, trembles and burns. But Jura, wrapping herself in a darker mantle, interposes to cut short the glowing scene. The lingering orb is snatched away. The matchless mirror ceases to reflect. Pallid, yet serene, the majestic Alps recede into the gloom." Now, what has all this to do with the operations of Charles the Bold, in 1474, amongst the mountains in question? To give a general idea of the country in which any of the leading events of a history have taken place, is a very proper exercise of the historian's skill; and the more vivid the picture the better, since it enables the reader to understand all the more clearly the nature of the events themselves, supplies the human action with its appropriate background, and makes us feel that history is not a mere collection of dates, but a drama with life in it, and all the associations of life. But we do not see what is to be gained by merely panoramic writing, studious of atmospheric effects which mean nothing, and abound in colouring laid on for the colour's sake. Quite as little do we like the would-be dramatic style, evinced in such passages as—"It required his strongest efforts to control a burst of passion, &c. The double-dyed traitor! How much longer must vengeance be delayed? But let it not be put to hazard by a premature declaration." Nor do we admire the historic-satirical style which we

\* Lettres (12 April, 1680).

† History of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy. By John Foster Kirk. With Portraits. Vol. III. London: John Murray.

find here and there; as — “So effective was this policy that, before half the seven years’ truce had expired, he was enabled to make a new and closer treaty — a treaty of peace and amity — to continue in force during his own and Edward’s life-time, and for a hundred years afterwards. *Triumphant Louis!*” Of the spasmodic manner, take this as a specimen: —

“He [Charles] had his wish; he was alone. Who more alone than he, in all the camp, in all the world? O, misery! Abandoned, betrayed, encompassed by foes — severed by a gulf from the faithful few! Within — the swellings of pride, the hissings of defiance, the goadings of fate! The world against him, God not with him — O, misery, O, misery!

“Was it, in truth, too late? Lorraine, the Burgundies, were lost beyond redemption. The aspirations of the past must be buried for ever. But might he not, by bending to the storm, still save himself from total shipwreck? Might he not, by protracting the contest, weary down or outlive his antagonist? Might he not — Ah, no! Another might — another who had never soared so high to fall so low; who had never taken between his teeth the bit of destiny and felt its inexorable lash; whose heart, in either fortune, had beat with the steady pulsations of a machine; such a one — not he!”

Or this, towards the close of the book, summing up the character of Duke Charles: —

“Thou art right, Commines! — with all his faults, his nature was noble. It has been said that no one mourned for him. It is false; many mourned — noble hearts everywhere; enemies who had fought without rancour or baseness, allies who had tested his fidelity, servants and companions who had known him better than the world. When the knights of the Golden Fleece assembled for the first time after his death, in the spring of 1478, and saw his escutcheon draped in black and inscribed with the word ‘Deceased,’ they burst into loud lamentations.

“But many exulted? O, yes! dastards everywhere — the burghers of Alsace, who had feared, wronged, and defamed him; the burghers of Flanders, who had abandoned him to his fate; the French king and his” —

It is a piece of affectation, also, to conclude a history in such a fashion as the following: — “At the head [of Charles’s tomb] is another tablet. It contains the motto which he had adopted at the time of his accession, when the future was radiant with triumphs, to be won, to be enhanced, by arduous struggles. *Je l’ay enprins — bien en arienne!* — ‘I have undertaken it —

may good come of it!’ . . . Alas! . . . . . Alas!”

When not led astray by these absurdities, however, Mr. Kirk can write vigorously and well — with real instead of false vividness, and with a power of interesting his readers. Here is a good passage describing the treaty of alliance between Charles the Bold and his brother-in-law, Edward IV. of England, for the invasion of France by the latter — an invasion which ended in Edward treacherously going over to the common enemy, after an ignominious parade on French soil: —

“The treaty, with its supplementary provisions, had been signed at Westminster on the 25th, 26th, and 27th of July, 1474. It stipulated that an English army ‘magnificently equipped,’ and led by the king in person, should land in Normandy, or elsewhere, before the next 1st of July. Charles, on his part, was to uphold the pretensions of Edward and support him with his person and power, bringing into the field a force of not less than ten thousand men. In recompense for such assistance, as well as ‘in gratitude for the many favours’ which he had already rendered to his ally, he was to receive the provinces of Champagne, Bar, Brie, the Nivernais — in short, all that part of France which bordered on his present dominions; and he was to hold these conquests, as likewise the several French fiefs which he already possessed, independently of the French crown, by ‘a supreme right’ to be thereafter acknowledged and confirmed by the States-General. During the prosecution of the war neither of the contracting parties was to treat with the enemy, or even to receive any overtures from him, without first consulting the ally and giving time for his representatives to attend; no arrangement should be entered into except by joint consent; nor was either to abandon the enterprise while the other should choose to persevere.

“The announcement of this scheme was received by the English nation with an unparalleled burst of enthusiasm. All classes united in embracing it, and Edward, whose popularity had been upon the wane, again found himself the darling of the populace. After all his triumphs it needed a career of victory in France to set the seal upon his dynasty. There were happily no meddlesome reformers to declaim against the thirst for conquest, or to preach unwelcome lessons of economy. Every grant proposed in Parliament was voted without demur. The clergy mulcted themselves in a tenth of their income, and the example was followed by both Lords and Commons. The merchants of London and all the principal towns vied with each other in the amount of their ‘benevolences.’ Wealthy widows doubled their gifts after a squeeze of the royal hand or a kiss from the royal lips. Throughout the kingdom there was a bustle



of preparation. Ordinary business was suspended, labour being diverted from its regular channels, and so large a quantity of money withdrawn from circulation that, in some parts of the kingdom, corn and other commodities were unsaleable at half the customary rates. Proclamations were issued directing the impressment of sailors, carters, wheelwrights, and smiths, and the seizure of ships and wagons, of powder, saltpetre, and other munitions. 'Flechers' were ordered to make nothing but 'shefe-arrows,' and 'bowiers' to make their staves into bows with all possible haste. Contracts were entered into with knights and others for the enlistment of so many archers and men-at-arms, to serve for 'one whole year,' during which time there should be 'noon assise general' no speciall' against the persons engaged. Among the nobles there were not a few who, besides furbishing up their arms and mustering their retainers, dived into the boxes containing their title-deeds, and drew out the worm-eaten parchments which would establish their right to the estates once held by their ancestors within the realm of France."

The character of Charles has, we think, been over-estimated by Mr. Kirk. His was a life of incessant, and often unjustifiable, warfare; and his defeat and death at Nancy, in 1477, brought the independence of his duchy to an end, and led to its incorporation with France. It should not be forgotten that, although by some historians he is called "Charles the Bold," by others he is designated "Charles the Rash."

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From The Spectator.

#### ENGLISH MILLIONAIRES.

MR. WHITWORTH, the well known gun manufacturer, has just presented the nation with 100,000*l.* as a free gift. He proposes to found Thirty Scholarships, at a cost of 3,000*l.* each, to be held for some years by workmen who will go through a thorough course of scientific and artistic training. He, in fact, proposes to establish Thirty Industrial Fellowships, to be obtained by competition in applied science, — a wise extension of the plan which has for so many years fostered the love of scholarship among the middle class. The gift is a most munificent one, and the Duke of Marlborough has acknowledged it on behalf of the State with sufficient grace, but when he expresses his hope that others will be found to imitate

Mr. Whitworth, his words have a faint ring of conventionality. He does not really expect others to imitate him. He knows that the principal reason for astonishment at Mr. Whitworth's gift is the exceeding rarity of such acts of unselfishness in England. No country contains so many millionaires as this, no country gives them so much in the shape of security, of social deference, and of opportunities of exertion, and no country receives so little from them. There are at this moment a hundred enterprises of almost national importance which could be set going by single gifts quite within the power of scores, not to say hundreds, of rich men, and no one expects that any of them will obtain such gifts. In America they are common enough. Gifts of princely amounts, amounts which would yield fortunes in mere interest, have been repeatedly made to great American cities, to colleges, to libraries, and this during the lifetime of the donors, but we can scarcely recall an instance of the kind in Great Britain. The liberality of the country in certain ways is astonishing. It is, we believe, no exaggeration to say that more money is collected in London every year for missions, charities of all kinds, schools, and the relief of calamities abroad, than her whole municipal taxation, and the private almsgiving seems to know no limit. It would not pay an entire criminal class in Paris to live by writing begging letters to Parisians, but it pays their London rivals. Their receipts would hardly supply the necessary stamps. But the gift of a great mass of money by a single individual during his lifetime is in England a very rare occurrence. Mr. Peabody was an American, and we can recall no other single gift of a quarter of a million, though Sir F. Crossley may have given away in the aggregate something like that. The late Duke of Northumberland set a great example, but his benefactions were rather continuous than immense in single instances. One or two cases of great expenditure on churches might be recorded, — Mr. Beresford Hope must have spent a considerable fortune in that way, — and great concessions have been made to municipalities in the way of land. Parks have been given to different cities of very considerable value, parks worth often from 15,000*l.* to 30,000*l.*, — a form of munificence the more creditable, because the last thing a rich Englishman likes to part with is his hold on the soil. But enormous gifts are very rare. No great city owner builds an aqueduct at his own expense, or redeems a town

from taxes, or founds and endows a local university, or erects a popular free theatre, or builds a free quay not near his own property, or does anything on the scale of the old Roman nobles or the princes of Middle-Age Italy. Nobody has ever given a million, or half a million, to anything, and there are many who could. Even in the crisis of the cotton famine, when men's hearts seemed to be stirred, and the aggregate of subscriptions was enormous, no one single gift was large enough even to attract public attention. Colossal fortunes have been made in cotton, but except in the way of "keeping on" workmen, which was not an absolutely self-sacrificing act, the highest sum given by an individual did not greatly exceed 10,000*l*. Had Lancashire and Liverpool been owned by Americans, we should have had to record at least a dozen gifts equal to a year's income of each donor. An English millionaire would think a proposal to give away a year's income in a single cheque the suggestion of insanity. There are a score of men in England who could if they chose try the experiments in tenure so much needed in Ireland, or commence the rebuilding of East London, or improve the cottages of a county, or turn some one of the congeries of brick huts which we are pleased to call a town into a true city, pleasant to live in, and fair to see; but no one will do it. Men with much money keep it.

We rather wonder, absurd as the form of the expression will appear, why. If people with little money also kept it, there would be no reason for surprise, but they don't. For one man with a million who will give 100,000*l*., fifty men with 5,000*l*. will give 500*l*. The stinginess — to use an unfairly harsh but expressive word — only begins at the possessor of 100,000*l*., and there is *prima facie* no particular reason for it. The common notion that people with very great wealth are always hardhearted and selfish is a pure delusion. They are just as good and as bad as other people, perhaps a little more apt to see the disparity between any individual fortune and the work to be done — rich men stretching out tentacula in all directions, and so touching a vast surface of suffering — but they are usually, though not proportionally, as liberal as anybody else. Dives did not grudge Lazarus the crumbs, though he took no especial care to see that he had enough. They give in one particular way, in regular subscriptions paid very much as if they were taxes, to an amount which in the aggregate must be very large. It is

nothing proportionally by the side of the sums given by smaller men, nothing when compared with the amounts which exceptional communities, the Europeans of Calcutta, for example, or the Quakers, will raise, and think nothing about, but it is still positively large. Lord Lytton suggests somewhere — we think in *Pisistratus Caxton*, — that very rich men in England are the victims of a peculiar kind of suspicion, — of an idea that they are everybody's mark, that every charge made to them will be an overcharge, every representation a falsehood; that unless they guard their fortunes as a Chancellor of the Exchequer guards his treasury, they will be pillaged till even their property cannot stand the "loot." There may be something in that suggestion, but, as a matter of fact, they either are or become keen men of business, and of all Englishmen who give, keen men of business give most. No doubt the American absence of fear about money matters is peculiar to America, and arises from two causes, neither of which exists here. Money in America, beyond a certain amount, yield its possessor very little, though a man like Vanderbilt can sometimes, if so inclined, make himself as powerful as a State, — he is fighting one State even now on almost equal terms, — and wealth does not so greatly affect a man's social status; but these facts scarcely account for the extreme difference in the "donations" of the two countries. Then it is said the very rich seldom have any disposable cash. Count's people, we fancy, would give a quite remarkable answer to that assertion, but there is a still better one open to anybody. No rich man ever has the smallest difficulty in raising the sort of sum we speak of, a tithe, say, of his fortune, if he wants it for pleasure, or power, or waste, — ever fails to ruin himself completely if he chooses to do it. He can therefore, if he likes, ruin himself in gifts. "I shall spend my West India property on the election," said old Lord Harewood one day, when he was fighting the Fitzwilliams for the representation of his county, and tradition says he kept his word, spending 100,000*l*. He would have thought it extravagance to give the same sum towards supplying Leeds with water, a thing which has been done, we believe, two or three times in America.

There is much more force in the explanation we once heard offered by the agent of an enormously wealthy Peer, that his employer always seemed to him to look at his property like a King rather than an owner,

From The Saturday Review.

## MR. CHURCH'S NEW PICTURE OF NIAGARA.

to think of it as territory, not money, to have the statesman feeling rather than that of the proprietor. Mr. Gladstone is wretched if anybody starts a demand for a heavy grant from the Exchequer, and yet is personally none the poorer, and we can imagine the head of a great family owning a great estate to have much the same feeling. There was a letter from the late Marquis of Londonderry, published some time since, about an Irish election, in which he expressed very much that feeling, moaning over such a "waste of treasure," not of money, without result. The feeling, however, must be of slow growth, could hardly have existed, for example, in the late Mr. Crawshay, who must have had one of the first, if not the first of ready-money fortunes in Europe; but we suspect the true explanation of the rarity of gifts like Mr. Whitworth's is a different one. The idea that such gifts would naturally be frequent rests on the arithmetical assumption that what 1,000*l.* is to a man with 10,000*l.*, that 100,000*l.* is to a man with a million. It isn't. We are convinced that after a certain point the influence of proportion ceases altogether, and that the millionaire looks at a specified sum of money just as any educated income-taxpayer does, sees its bigness just as clearly as he sees the bigness of anything else, feels 50,000*l.* as vast a gift as a third person does. Most of our readers can test this gradual decay of proportion for themselves. A man with 1,000*l.* a year will find that he regards a sovereign very differently from a man with 300*l.*, but that they look at 100*l.* with very much the same eyes, — and that is by no means the strongest illustration we could give. The moment money amounts to "treasure" in the eyes of its owner, it passes into an entirely different region of thought, in which the old sense of proportion becomes disturbed or so modified as to have no application. We all see that process in another way, — the extraordinary difference in men's minds between the values they set on capital and income. The man who will lose 500*l.* out of his dividends by the failure of a bank and yet be quite calm, is wretched if the 500*l.* happened to be part of capital, of the put-away money which ought not to go. Yet he has lost no more. We fancy that even to triple millionaires all sums above 10,000*l.* look as they look to others able to estimate them at all, and, therefore, gifts of 10,000*l.* will always be few and far between.

MR. CHURCH, the American landscape-painter, whose name is now well enough known in this country to need no further introduction, was not quite satisfied with his famous picture of "Niagara" (exhibited in London some years ago, and recently in the Paris Universal Exhibition), so he has painted the Falls a second time, and now from the opposite side of the St. Lawrence. Mr. Church has frequently revisited Niagara since the appearance of his first picture, and seems to have experienced a kind of fascination very common with landscape-painters, who, when they have painted a subject once, are often drawn to it again and again. Turner often revisited Wharfedale, and loved that vale so much that the sight of it moved him to tears, and we have known several instances, amongst less distinguished painters, of the most intense attachment to places where they have worked, so that they always intend to revisit them, and can never bear to bid them a final adieu. It is very natural that the majesty of Niagara should draw a painter back to it again and again, and though something might be said about the imprudence of attempting to repeat a success on the same ground, Mr. Church, in painting this second great picture of the wonderful Falls, has only given additional proof of the strength of the impression they had originally made upon him.

This brings us to another aspect of the matter. Ought a landscape-painter to return to a place he has once painted, or simply to paint the impression of it which remains on his own mind? It is said to have been the opinion of Turner (setting aside his personal and piscatory affection for the river Wharfe) that painters acted foolishly in going back to the actual place when they wanted to paint it again, and that the image of it best worth copying was not that produced by the material locality upon the retina, but that which the memory had retained and the imagination glorified. We believe, however, that a rule cannot be laid down which would be suitable to all varieties of genius, and that Mr. Church has done rightly in going again to nature rather than trust to his memory and imagination. For it must be admitted that, although Mr. Church is a painter of uncommon ability in his way, he is not at all an imaginative artist. He observes nature with great accuracy, his eye is just and well-trained; and he is very intelligent in the management of

material, but his imaginative power is very moderate. He is not a poet, but a most accomplished student of the phenomena of nature.

Our readers may remember that Mr. Church's former picture of the Falls of Niagara was an oblong, whereas this is an upright one; the other also was in great part a study of the rapid just before the fall, whilst this is mainly a study of the fall itself and of the basin below it. If asked which of the two pictures we should most care to possess, we should be much embarrassed, for each illustrates and supplements the other. The two together are a splendid proof of what landscape-painting may do in a direction which, though secondary to poetical or creative art, is nevertheless equally important, and far more likely to be of service to the generality of mankind.

In saying that Mr. Church is not a poet, we by no means wish to imply any deficiency in those sensibilities which are commonly called poetical; we mean only that he is not a creator. Of course, the creative gift can do nothing without these sensibilities; but, on the other hand, the sensibilities are constantly found in great perfection without the creative gift. The difference is most familiar to us in music, where we find performance separated from invention, and where instrumentalists may earn the most splendid reputation without any originating power beyond that of reading music in their own way. Mr. Church is a landscape-painter of the same rank as the very best men who exhibit in Suffolk Street, but he has an advantage over the Coles and others in the uncommon tact with which he has managed his appearances. It is well known in the book trade that nothing is more favourable to reputation than few but telling strokes for fame; an author ought not to be continually tapping at the door of the Temple, but should beat it open with two or three mighty efforts, as with a battering-ram. Now, as Mr. Church happened to be in independent circumstances — to be, in fact, what people will persist in calling an amateur, that is, an artist not depending upon art for daily bread — he devoted himself to great enterprises, and determined to paint great subjects in the most important manner attainable by him. His fame is due as much to this art as to his pictorial power, though we have no wish to imply any deficiency in the latter. Mr. Church is an eminently skilful and accomplished painter of the second class.

The present picture has what is usually considered a disadvantage, in an exceedingly high horizon. It is, in fact, almost a bird's-eye view of the basin under the fall, the spectator being on the level of the rapid above; and there is what, with regard to any subject less vast than this, might be criticized as an apparent exaggeration of perspective. In speaking of this as exaggerated perspective we may expose ourselves to some misunderstanding. Exaggerated perspective is quite as true as the other, because, in order to bring an object into what is called exaggerated perspective, the spectator has only to put his eye near to it. In this matter every thing depends upon the distance from which we are either accustomed to see things or to conceive of them. The *Great Eastern* may be drawn from a distance which, relatively to her immense length, would be much smaller than that which would be suitable for ordinary vessels, and it is even necessary that she should be drawn so to convey any adequate idea of her size. So with the Falls of Niagara, as the most striking marvel about them is their immensity, it is right to choose a point relatively very near to them, and we are of opinion that, in the selection of his point of view, Mr. Church has proved the soundness of his judgment. The height from which the basin is seen (about 150 feet) increased enormously the difficulty of painting it, but Mr. Church has quite successfully contended with this difficulty, and has produced a study of water in motion which is decidedly the most learned and consummate study of water we have ever met with.

The effect is much the same as that of the preceding picture. The sky is of a dull dusty warm gray, with warm white clouds low on the horizon. The woods on the distant Canadian shore are obscured by the mist rising from the fall, which adds immensely to the artistic availableness of the subject. The reader will remember that the falls are divided by a mass of rock which is crowned by a dense wood; this wood is also obscured by mist, but partially, and much less so than that in the distance; and the effects of mist on these woods are full of interesting study, and surprisingly truthful. Let us now follow the fall from the Canadian shore to the American, from which we see it. First, we have three or four white cascades like a Swiss fall, then a rather broader mass, and then for a space we see no water at all on account of the rising mist. A little to the left of the mist, however, there is a broad

sheet of pure emerald, whose translucent beauty, though it really covers only a few square inches of canvas, leads the imagination to give an ideal splendour to the whole waterfall. It is often wonderful how an explanatory passage of this kind will glorify a whole picture. The painter tells us that under certain conditions the water of Niagara is something between a sapphire and an emerald, and forthwith a great cascade, though broken into foam and dulled by all manner of surface-reflections, seems clear and pure as the deep sea. This transparent passage is followed by one of dull, opaque white, and then we come to the rocks in mid-stream, whose thick vegetation is watered by the ever-ascending mist and trembles at the eternal thunder. From here to the spectator is nothing but the rippling rapid above, and the ragged sheet of heavily-falling water, losing itself below in masses of rolling cloud. In the way of immediate foreground we have a cliff to the left, and before us its scattered *débris*.

The most original passage remains to be described. Below every waterfall there is a pool, whose motion is in great part determined by the continual rising from below of the water which the force of the cascade has driven down to the very bed of the river. A fall like Niagara actually dives and strikes the bottom, from which it continually rebounds. The effects on the surface of the pool are amongst the most curious of all the phenomena of water. One very remarkable result is that, although there may be nothing like what we are accustomed to call a wave, the water is not level; it often perceptibly rises into gentle eminences, flowing away from these in all directions. Sometimes the whole pool is visibly, though slightly domed, and this, from Mr. Church's record, appears to be the case with Niagara. There was no great technical difficulty in rendering this appearance, but Mr. Church has achieved a very great feat in his interpretation of the surface-markings; we have never seen the lines of currents and the stretching streaks of foam more thoroughly studied than in this picture. The difficulty of painting such a large space of water would have been great under any circumstances, but in this case, when it is covered with elaborate markings, every one of which is a result of motions and forces exceedingly difficult to analyze and comprehend, and seen from such a height that all these markings must be thoroughly mapped out, the difficulty is so tremendous that nothing but very extraordinary powers of observation and memory could have overcome it.

Whilst gladly and warmly recognizing these powers of truthful representation, we are, however, compelled to make certain reserves. Mr. Church is not, in our view, an artist of the highest class, and there is no probability that he will ever become one. The art that he produces is highly valuable and interesting, and richly deserves the success that has attended it; but Mr. Church's manner as a painter is not a great manner, nor would it be safe for him to attempt to paint in a great manner. He never reaches any of those marvellously synthetic and concentrated kinds of expression in which the greatest painters have usually excelled. We should doubt whether, in any true and great sense, he is able to sketch. Few artists can sketch, but unless they can there is little chance of their becoming great painters. Mr. Church paints rocks and trees about as well as our English landscape-painters usually paint them, but excels most of them in skies, and nearly all of them in the scientific knowledge of water. His characteristics are those of a devoted student of nature rather than of a votary of art, and nature, rather than art, seems to be the power that fascinates and enslaves him. In this respect he is in close sympathy with many of the best people living in these days; and though it may be occasionally necessary to defend art against the active and enterprising clan of the naturalists, we have a great respect for them, and an especial respect for such a true and brave leader as Mr. Church. The value of his labours must always be scientifically and historically considerable, and if the lamentable news that the waters of Niagara are working out another passage, and that the falls will soon cease to exist, should unhappily prove to be well-founded, future generations may come to this picture as a splendid page of the world's physical history, a true and faithful record of a great marvel of the past.

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From The London Review.

#### THE PRIVILEGES OF ROYALTY.

"If I were only a prince," sighs the youthful schoolboy, "I would come down here this very morning on a white pony, and with my pockets full of money. I would give every boy in the place a full holiday and half a crown; and I should sit on my pony and hear everybody give me a



cheer." As the schoolboy, however, proceeds to study what is called the philosophy of history he is told that it is not so enviable a thing to be a prince. Kings, say the moral instructors of our youth, are placed on a dangerous pinnacle; "that fierce light which beats upon a throne" renders them very uncomfortable; great excellences and severe duties are expected from them, and they are more liable than other men to be caught in the squalls of evil fortune. This is only part of that ethical training which, with respect to such worldly ambitions as fame, riches, position, and what not, endeavours to teach the young fox contentment, by proclaiming, during his infancy, the sourness of grapes; and sometimes the disciple carries these dogmas with him through life. A little independent observation, nevertheless, might easily show our modern student that there is nothing nowadays so easy as to be a good, and respected, and comfortable prince or king. Here in England, at least, a prince, in order to secure our loyalty and devotion, has only to behave decently. He is not troubled with experimental legislation; he is not called upon to risk starvation and rheumatism when we send an unprovided army into the field. We are content—nay, we are rejoiced, to welcome merely negative virtues. If he will only abstain from becoming intoxicated at public dinners, if he will only preserve a semblance of domestic affection and avoid raising public scandals—if he will only, in short, behave with moderation, we consider ourselves lucky, and pay him a handsome price for conducting himself properly. We do not ask him to be a patron of the fine arts, nor a leader of philanthropists, nor a friend to men of science, nor an active helper in any good work whatever; we are glad if he is merely a respectable nobody.

But if our royal person happen to have any quickness of sympathy, or practical benevolence, or intellectual capacity, look at the credit he or she gets for it! It is our good fortune at this moment to have in Europe several exemplary sovereigns, who know the value of little kindnesses in attracting the hearts of a nation, and who are constantly displaying a disinterestedness which we should admire even in a milliner or a drayman. The newspapers teem with such anecdotes of royalty. Here a sovereign chats for half an hour with a poor cottar, and, on leaving, drops a little pecuniary recompense for the pleasure derived from the adventure; and there another sovereign sees a girl crying in the streets,

speaks to her, carries her off, and has her educated. Chance courtesies of phrase addressed to box-keepers or coachmen; small benevolences exercised towards beggars—these are the manifestations of royal benignity which we worship. Newspaper writers are puzzled to find adjectives to express their sense of the awful nature of this royal condescension; and go down on their knees before exhibitions of a simple generosity, the absence of which would transform a human being into a monster. We do not at all seek to depreciate these graceful acts. We scarcely think it worth while to insist upon the reflection that the milliner's girl who, out of her 9s. a week, gives a penny to a blind beggar, has done a nobler deed than the prince who tosses a sovereign out of his carriage window to a lot of hurrahing children. We merely wish to point out the extreme ease with which a prince of very average, natural, and acquired qualities may, if he choose, win the regard and admiration of his subjects. A little volume of Recollections has recently been published by the Hon. Amelia Murray, who had many opportunities of coming in contact with Queen Charlotte; and in looking over these little anecdotes and sayings recorded of the pious, well-intentioned, and not very brilliant consort of George III., one is continually called upon to imagine how much more might have been made of even those gifts which the Queen possessed. "On one occasion," says Miss Murray, "the Queen had sent me a smart frock, and I was taken down to the pier to thank her. She said, 'I hope you liked it, my dear?' 'Oh yes, ma'am; it was the first of my own I ever had.' Surprise being expressed, my mother explained that, being the youngest of several daughters, I succeeded to the frocks that my elder sisters had outgrown. 'Poor dear!' exclaimed Queen Charlotte, 'she shall have another frock.' *Was not my heart won from that very hour?*" Now the peculiarity of the anecdote is that no one will think it unnatural or extraordinary that the gift of a frock, coming from a queen should win any one's heart. Who among us would not feel proud, and gratified, and profusely loyal, if we were to receive from the present Queen such a simple, and not extremely useful, garment? When the gift of a frock, therefore, can make a subject loyal for life, we are surprised to find the evil odour in which many of the princes of the present day are content to remain. We do not desire them to give a frock to each of their prospective subjects; but from this little incident may be guessed the pro-

portionate effect which would be produced upon a nation by the most occasional studying of its habits, opinions, and temper. The extravagant value which a nation is willing to set upon any tolerably decent qualities, intentions, or acts on the part of its sovereign ought to be a great inducement to her or him in the way of achieving popularity. We give our princes a life of pleasure: the smallest return they can make is to take that pleasure in grooves which are consonant with the cultivated tastes of society. If we give him sufficient money to have the best artistes in Europe at his private concerts, why should he go out of his way to patronize the vulgarities of the lowest music halls? If he is dissatisfied with indigenous dramatic entertainments, why should he turn to the lowest possible importation from foreign sources—an indecent dance? A certain deference to social decorum being the only duty required at his hands, he ought to submit to that restraint, whether he considered it justifiable or not.

In the volume we have mentioned, there occurs another significant anecdote with regard to this subject. Speaking of the year 1809, Miss Murray says, "There was about this period an extravagant *furor* in the cause of the Princess of Wales. She was considered an ill-treated woman, and that was enough to arouse popular feeling. My brother was among the young men who helped to give her an ovation at the opera. A few days afterwards he went to a breakfast at a place near Woolwich. There he saw the Princess, in a gorgeous dress, which was looped up to show her petticoat, covered with stars, with silver wings on her shoulders, sitting under a tree, with a pot of porter on her knee; and, as a finale to the gaiety, she had the doors opened of every room in the house, and, selecting a partner, she galloped through them, desiring all the guests to follow her example! It may be guessed whether the gentlemen were anxious to clap her at the opera again." Now we hope there is nothing intrinsically wicked in looping up a dress in order to show a petticoat covered with stars, nor yet in a lady's putting silver wings on her shoulders, any more than in her wearing a golden beetle for a bonnet. Neither can there be anything immoral in a pint of porter; and it would puzzle Mrs. Grundy herself to demonstrate the heinousness of a gallop. But these things, sufficiently innocent in themselves, were thought to compromise the then Princess of Wales, who ought to have known the prejudices of society on such points and to have respected them. The

gentlemen of whom Miss Murray speaks may have been illogical jackasses to blame the Princess of Wales for what she did; but their bad logic and their want of charity were the reflection of the current opinion of society, which the Princess of Wales had no right to disregard. And, indeed, the limits we put upon the private conduct of our princes are not very embarrassing. We allow them every latitude which is consonant with the due performance of those extremely slight public duties we demand of them. A prince or king of England has now so many ways of enjoying himself—he can command so much of what is called pleasure—that he ought to be able to bear the yoke of such mild restraint as public opinion finds to be necessary. Then we are always very charitable to him. He may be a fool, and yet we are loyal to him. He may have a peevish childishness of temper, for ever driving away from him the men most fitted to guide him, and yet we are loyal to him. He may neglect every one of the implied duties of royalty—he may withhold his patronage from men of art, science, and literature, and shower it upon mountebanks and parasites, and yet we are loyal to him. He may be guilty of extravagance and run into debt, which he can never hope to pay; we seize every appropriate opportunity to increase his income, and allow him to lead a comfortable life. The least, therefore, that we can expect from him is a becoming consideration for the outward conventionalities of society. He knows that every little effort in this way—every trifling kindness or courtesy—will be estimated at a hundred times its ordinary value; and, knowing this, and having at his command all the possibilities of his position, it must be entirely the fault of his own perverseness if he is disliked or unpopular.

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From The Sunday Magazine.

#### BREWSTER AND FARADAY.

THE almost simultaneous departure of Faraday and Brewster, distinguished as they both were alike for their scientific attainments and their devout character, brings to our mind a favourite notion of the latter—"that the benefactors of mankind labour in groups and shine in constellations. Surrounded with Kepler, and Galileo, and Hook, and Halley, and Flamstead, and La

Place, Newton completes the seven Pleiades by whom the system of the world was developed. Luther, and Calvin, and Zwingle, and Knox form the group which rescued Christendom from Papal oppression. Watt, and Arkwright, and Brindley, and Bell have made water and iron the connecting links of nations, and have armed mechanism with superhuman strength and almost superhuman skill. By the triple power of perseverance, wisdom, and eloquence, Clarkson, and Wilberforce, and Fox have wrenched from the slave his manacles and fetters; and we look forward with earnest anticipation to the advent and array of other sages who shall unshackle conscience and reason; unlock the world's granaries for her starving children; carry the torchlight of education and knowledge into the dens of ignorance and vice, and with the amulet of civil and religious liberty, emancipate immortal man from the iron grasp of superstition and misrule.\* When the sages of the nineteenth century are grouped by some future historian, there is no one with whom Brewster is more likely to be coupled than Faraday. The same simplicity of character, the same delight in science, the same reverence for God's works and for God's Word characterized both. Ordinarily, their religious convictions manifested themselves less in words than in a certain reverential tone, which, however, sometimes came forth with its open utterances. It may be remarked of Sir David Brewster, for example, that he invariably dwells with pleasure on indications of religious earnestness in any of the eminent men of science whom he has occasion to write of. It exalts Kepler in his eyes that he never addressed himself to any scientific labour without prayer for God's blessing; and Cuvier becomes a greater man in his estimation when he finds him engaging in labours of love for Protestant education and Protestant worship. He warmly and triumphantly defends Sir Isaac Newton from the sneering charge of having taken to theology when his mind was enfeebled, and published his views on the Apocalypse to afford some consolation to those who felt themselves outstripped and humbled by his transcendent ability in science. The devout character of Pascal is his great glory in Sir David's eyes. Those who were accustomed to hear his opening addresses to the Royal Society of Edinburgh will remember the sympathetic regret with which he touched on the character of such a man as Dr. Greville; the mournful compassion he showed for "the fallen stars of science, the sappers and

miners of the faith;" and the burning indignation he threw upon the idolaters of physical law, who dared to hurl the Almighty from his throne. Notwithstanding all this, the public were perhaps hardly prepared for those expressions of simple, hearty, holy trust in Christ which fell from him in his last hours, and which showed how wonderfully adapted the old Gospel is at once to the little child and to the most cultivated sage. In his biography of Newton, Sir David remarks that he declined taking orders in the English Church because he believed that he might be more useful to religion as a layman. Probably it was the same conviction that prevented Sir David himself from following out the profession of the ministry in the Church of Scotland; and the singularly valuable testimony of his death-bed enables us to see the soundness of his opinion.

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From The Sunday Magazine.

#### BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY.

THE removal of the British and Foreign Bible Society, from the premises in Earl Street, which it has occupied since 1816, naturally gives occasion to a review of the changes that half a century has witnessed in connection with the spread of the sacred Scriptures. The contrast is certainly most interesting. The average issue of the society previous to 1816 was little more than 100,000 a year; last year it was 2,383,000. The whole number of copies circulated by the society from the beginning is 54,000,000. In 1816, the number of languages and dialects in which the Bible was printed was 63; in 1867 it was 178. The whole expenditure of the first twelve years was under half-a-million; that of last year alone was nearly a quarter-of-a-million. But the change is even greater and more gratifying when attention is turned to the comparative facilities now existing for the circulation of the Word of God. Even in France, it was by no means certain at the beginning of the period referred to, that the circulation of the Scriptures might not at any moment be stopped. In Austria and Italy it was in vain to make the attempt. But now the Bible is spread freely over these countries. One part at least of the prayer which the Apostle called for has been strikingly fulfilled in our day—the Word of God has "free course:" and the other part may

\* "North British Review, I.," 286, 7.

surely be expected to follow — that it may "be glorified." There is a strangely conflicting tendency in human nature, at once to magnify and to undervalue the importance of work which it sees going on. Some men are for ever exaggerating. They are finding the "two witnesses" of the Apocalypse in some testimony for the faith which they with others may have borne, the battle of Armageddon in some vulgar war, and the sure signs of the end of the world in some social or political convulsion which may be happening around them. But men are hardly less prone to undervalue the significance of other events which can be shown to have a most vital bearing on the history and highest destiny of the whole human race. Such an event is the translation of the Scriptures into 178 languages and versions, an event which is mainly the achievement of the last fifty years. Let the reader only think what a significant and important event the first translation of the Scriptures was — the Septuagint version, or the Latin translation of Jerome, or the Hexapla of Origen! What mighty landmarks these are in the history of the church, and what incalculable influence they had on the religious history of the world! But the work which, done singly, gave such importance to these times, has been done scores of times in our century. It is impossible to exaggerate the importance which this fact may acquire in the future history of the Christian church. And we are not to be too lugubrious over the "confusion of tongues" at Babel, nor look on that event as an unmitigated evil. Like other fruits of man's sin and folly, it has been over-ruled for good. That concentration of attention on the meaning of God's Word which has been necessary to produce these 178 versions must have been attended with reflex effects of the most valuable kind. Nor are we to overlook the effect, the vast effect of these versions, in laying the foundation, in many cases, of a local literature, fixing, or even improving the language, and stimulating and developing the intellectual, as well as the moral and spiritual life of nations. The Bible Society has much cause to be thankful, but, we need not add, no cause to rest and be thankful. The next fifty years, we trust, will witness an expansion of its operations corresponding in magnitude and value to that of the last half-century. Fifty-four millions is a large number of copies of the Bible to have circulated, but the population of the globe is said to be twelve hundred millions. At best the Society has as yet produced little more than a Bible for every

twenty-fourth human being. Will it be able, during the next half century, to overtake the remaining twenty-three?

## JOHN STUART MILL.

A WRITER in the *Chicago Tribune* describes a visit to Mr. Mill's residence, at Avignon, in France. He speaks as follows of the cemetery where Mrs. Mill is buried: —

Attracted by its picturesque beauty, I turned for a few moments into the cemetery. I had not walked far when I came upon something which made a very solemn impression upon my mind. Sheltered by a grove of evergreens, I found a square space, bordered by beds of flowers. In the centre of it, inclosed by a low iron railing, rose a large sarcophagus, of pure white marble, resting on a base of the same beautiful material. At the head of the monument stood a single camellia with exquisite white flowers. Between the flower beds and the railing a small walk extended around. In one of the corners of the lot rose a simple stone bench, serving as a resting place to the mourners. And who sleeps in this secluded spot? On the flat top of the sarcophagus I read the following words:

## TO THE BELOVED MEMORY

HARRIET MILL,

THE DEARLY LOVED AND DEEPLY REGRETTED  
WIFE OF JOHN STUART MILL.

Her great and loving heart,  
Her noble soul,

Her clear, powerful, original, and comprehensive  
intellect, made her the guide and support,  
The instructor in wisdom and the example in  
goodness,

As she was the sole earthly delight of those who  
had the happiness to belong to her.

As earnest for all public good, as she was generous  
and devoted to all who surrounded her, her  
influence has been found in many of the greatest  
improvements of the age, and will be in those still  
to come.

Were there even a few hearts and intellects like  
hers, this earth would already become the hoped-  
for Heaven.

She died, to the irreparable loss of those who survive  
her,

At Avignon — November 3d. 1838.

The moving words of this epitaph, so full of tender eloquence, tell not only what the noble woman whose ashes repose here has been to John Stuart Mill, and to the cause of human progress and reform, but also the motive of the frequent and protracted sojourns at Avignon of the companion of her life. That he might be as near as possible to her grave, he purchased years ago

a country house within a few hundred yards of the cemetery, where he devotes himself, not to fruitless lamentations over his great, irreparable loss, but to the elaboration of those wise and elevated principles for the growth of which in his mind he is so much indebted to her genius. His devoted attachment to the beloved dead and faithful prosecution of the work in which she was his constant helpmate and inspiration is certainly one of the noblest illustrations of his character.

Of Mr. Mill himself, the writer says:

I found myself in what seemed to serve as a library to the owner of the house. In an arm-chair in front of the fire place, in which some coals were still burning, notwithstanding the warm Spring sunshine without, there sat, with a cat purring at his feet, the well-known form of Mr. Mill. He rose as I entered, welcomed me by a cordial shake of the hand, and invited me to be seated. In a very little while we were engaged in a lively conversation. Mr. Mill's figure is of more than the average height, but he could hardly be called tall. His form is decidedly slender. His head impresses one at once as the seat of intelligence of the highest order and the highest activity. The upper portion is very broad, but below the splendid high forehead the face becomes narrow featured. His eyes are grayish and not large, but of a most genial expression. His nose is thin and straight, and well proportioned. The features run out into a very sharp chin. The complexion of the clean-shaved face is rosy, and clearly indicative of good health. The top of the head is almost bald; but the lower portion is covered with a good growth of rather curly light brown hair, slightly tinged with gray. His voice is not strong, but of great clearness, notwithstanding the delicate and almost womanly gentleness of its tones. Mr. Mill is a rather hesitating public speaker. His ordinary conversation discloses the same defect, which is probably the result of a long habit of weighing words before committing himself to them.

#### CHAPEAU BAS!

AIR — "*Le Marquis de Carabas.*"

Lo, brains at last we see,  
At the top, where brains should be!  
Ne'er was place won in race,  
That so tested pluck and pace;

Heavier-weighted horse  
Never ran a course,  
Nor e'er came, at the push,  
With a fiercer Chifney rush. —  
To VIVIAN GREY *chapeau bas*,  
My Lord MARQUIS DE CARABAS!

Is't England's praise or blame  
Such a player wins his game,  
Who can press for success  
Be't by trick, revoke, finesse?  
Is it good or ill,  
This adamant will,  
With an india-rubber brain,  
And a conscience proof to strain? —  
To VIVIAN GREY *chapeau bas*,  
My Lord MARQUIS DE CARABAS!

On lee-shore, over bar,  
Still steering by his star;  
Shoal and sand, reef and strand,  
Dodging with a dextrous hand;  
Passionless and cool,  
And calm his crew to school,  
When weaker pilots quailed,  
Through what straits the ship he sailed! —  
To VIVIAN GREY *chapeau bas*,  
My Lord MARQUIS DE CARABAS!

Ne'er in hand teacher took  
Classes duller at their book;  
Ne'er was toil on stiffer soil,  
Or more likely tools to spoil:  
But he wrought, hour by hour,  
Till knowledge grew to power,  
And at last his Tory class  
Learnt to see facts as they pass. —  
To VIVIAN GREY *chapeau bas*,  
My Lord MARQUIS DE CARABAS!

If workman's worth his hire,  
Why should Dizzy not aspire?  
He has striven, brain has given,  
To the stream his asses driven.  
Must he only think  
How asses best may drink?  
'Twas his the cup to crown,  
Who but he should drink it down? —  
To VIVIAN GREY *chapeau bas*,  
My Lord MARQUIS DE CARABAS!

Genius or charlatan?  
Settle that point who can.  
Who shall bring his stone to fling  
At little BENJAMIN, our King?  
By what right he rules, —  
As the wise man o'er the fools,  
Or the one-eyed o'er the blind, —  
Let the future's verdict find. —  
To VIVIAN GREY *chapeau bas*,  
My Lord MARQUIS DE CARABAS!

— *Punch.*